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10 Volumes 7 1/2

THE
TRAGEDY
OF

Z A R A.

As it is acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
In *DRURY-LANE*.

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

By AARON HILL, *Esq*;

The SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. LOWNDS, at his Circulating Library;
near Salisbury Court, Fleetstreet.

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To his ROYAL HIGHNESS the

P R I N C E.

S I R,

*W*Riters, who mean no *Int'rest*, but their *Arts*;
Of *undepending* Minds, and *stedfast* Hearts,
Disclaiming *Hopes*, will empty *Forms* neglect;
Nor need PERMISSION—to address *Respect*.

Frank, as the manly Faith of *ancient* Time,
Let *Truth*, for once, approach the *Great*, in *Rhime*?
Nor Publick Benefit, misguided, *stray*,
Because a *Private* *Wisher* points its Way.

If wond'ring, *here*, your Greatness condescends
To ask, *What's HE*, *who*, *thus*, *uncall'd*, attends?
Smile, at a *Suitor*, who, in Courts, untrac'd,
Pleas'd, if o'erlook'd, *thus*, owns his humble *Taste*.—

Vow'd an *Unenvier*, of the busier *Great*;
Too plain for *Flatt'ry*; and, too calm for *Hate*:
Hid to be *Happy*; who surveys, *unknown*,
The pow'rless *Cottage*, and the peaceless *Throne*,
A silent *Subject* to His own *Control*:
Of active *Passions*, but, unyielding *Soul*;

To His Royal Highness the PRINCE.

Engross'd by NO Pursuits, *amus'd*, by *All*;
But, *deaf*, as *Adders*, to *Ambition's* Call:
Too Free, for *Pow'r*, (or *Prejudice*), to *WIN*,
And, *safely*, lodging *Liberty*, *WITHIN*.

Pardon, *Great Prince*! th' unfashionable *Strain*,
That shuns to *Dedicate*; nor seeks to *gain*:
That (*self-resigning*) knows no *narrow View*;
And, *but* for *Publick Blessings*, courts, ev'n *YOU*!

Eate, a bold *Tracer* of your *measur'd Mind*,
(While, by the mournful *SCENE*, to *Grief inclin'd*)
I saw your *Eloquence of Eyes* confess
Soft *Sense* of *BELVIDERA's* deep *Distress*,
Prophetic, thence, *fore-deem'd* the rising *Years*;
And *hail'd* a *HAPPY NATION*, in *YOUR Tears*!

Oh!—*nobly*, touch'd!—th' inspiring *Pleasure chuse*,
Snatch, from the *fable Wave*, the sinking *MUSE*!
Charming, *be charm'd*! the *Stage's Anguish heal*:
And teach a languid *People how to feel*.

Then her full *Soul*, shall *TRAGIC Pow'r impart*,
And reach *Three Kingdoms* in their *Prince's Heart*!
Lightness, disclaim'd, shall *blush* itself away:
And reas'ning *SENSE resume* forgotten *Sway*.
Love, *Courage*, *Loyalty*, *Taste*, *Honour*, *Truth*,
Flash'd from the *Scene*, re-charm our list'ning *Youth*:
And, *Virtues*, (by *YOUR Influence form'd*) sustain
The future *Glories* of their *Founder's Reign*.

Nor,

To His Royal Highness the PRINCE.

Nor, let due Care of a *protected Stage*,
Misjudg'd *Amusement*, but *spare Hours* engage :
Strong, *serious*, TRUTHS, the manly *Muse* displays;
And leads charm'd *Reason* through those *flow'ry Ways*.
While HISTORY's cold Care but *Facts* enrolls,
The MUSE (pervasive) saves the pictur'd *Souls* !
Beyond all *Egypt's GUMS*, *embalms* Mankind :
And stamps the living Features of the MIND.

Time can eject the Sons of Pow'r, from Fame ;
And, *He*, who gains a *World*, may LOSE his NAME.
But, *cherish'd Arts* insure immortal Breath :
And, bid their *prop'd Defenders* tread on Death !

Look back, lov'd *Prince* ! on Ages, *sunk in Shade* !
And feel, what DARKNESS, absent *Genius* made !
Think, on the dead *Fore-fillers* of your *Place* !
Think, on the stern *First-founders* of your Race !
And, where *lost Story* sleeps, in silent Night ;
Charge to their want of *Taste*, their want of LIGHT.

When, in your rising Grove, (no *Converse* nigh)
BLACK EDWARD's awful *Bust* demands your Eye,
Think, from *what Cause*, blind Chronicles DEFAME
The *gross-told* Tow'rings, of that *dreadful Name* !
Search him, thro' FANCY : and SUPPOSE him, shown
By the Long Glories, to the MUSES known :
Shining, *disclos'd* ;—o'ertrampling *Death's Control* !
And, *opening, backward*, All his *Depth of Soul* !

To His Royal Highness the PRINCE.

*Then—breathe a conscious Sigh, to mourn his Fate,
Who form'd no Writers, like his Spirit, Great !
To limn his living Thoughts—past Fame renew ;
And build HIM Honours, they reserve, for You !*

I am,

With profound Respect,

S I R,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

most humble

and obedient Servant,

A. HILL.



PREFACE to the READER.



HE Beauties, of Nature, will be Beauties, everlastingly.—If they are, sometimes eclips'd, by a Cloud of ill Accidents, they disperse the dark Screen; and, again, become amiable.

But, unwilling to suppose, we are, now, under Influence of such a Cloud, with Regard to Dramatical Taste, I thought it more decent, (and juster) to charge its Degeneracy to the STAGE, than to the Genius of the Nation.

Accounting in this manner for the Defect, I have often taken Pleasure, (when turning my Search towards a Remedy) to consider it, as no improbable Hope, that YOUNG Actors, and Actresses, beginning, unseduc'd by AFFECTED EXAMPLES, might go some Length, towards what has been said, of a celebrated Writer,

“ Who reach'd Perfection, in his first Essay.

It requir'd, methought, but the Assistance of a lively Imagination, join'd to an easy, and natural, Power; with a resolute Habit, to BE, for an Hour or two, the very Persons, they wou'd seem.—Such a Foundation for accomplish'd Acting, lies so open, and so clearly in Nature, that they, who find it at all, must discover it at first: because, when Men are once got out of the Road, they, who travel the farthest, have but most Length of Way to ride back again.

Yet, the Interested in Playhouses were so positive, in the contrary Sentiment, that they submitted to reverence, as a Maxim, this extraordinary Concession, “ That Actors must be twenty Years such, before they can expect to be Masters, of the Air, and Tread, of the Stage.

Now,

PREFACE to the READER.

Now, there is but one View, in Nature, wherein I was willing to admit of this Argument: I was forc'd to confess, I had seen some particular Stage Airs, and Stage Treads, which a Man of good Sense might indeed, waste a long Life, in endeavouring to imitate, and, at last, lose his Labour!

However, since an Opinion, in Opposition to these Gentlemen's, wanted Weight to make That believ'd possible, which had not, yet, been reduc'd into Practice, I took a sudden Resolution, actually to try, WHO was in the Right, by attempting the EXPERIMENT.—This, I knew, was a Design, which, succeeding, wou'd not fail to give Pleasure to the Publick; and, which, miscarrying, cou'd produce no worse Consequence, than my particular Mortification.

I imagin'd it reasonable to found a Trial, of this Nature, rather on a New Play, than an Old one: And, as it ought to be a Play of unquestionable Merit, it must have been Presumption, and Vanity, to have cast a Thought toward any thing, of my own.—Upon the whole, that I might keep out of the Reach either of Prejudice, or Partiality, a Foreign Production seem'd the properest Choice; and, the ZAIRE, of Monsieur de Voltaire, offer'd me every thing that Nature could do, on the Part of the Poet: But, I had still something to wish, with regard to that other Part of her Influence, which depended on the Player.

I had (of late) among the rest of the Town, been depriv'd of all rational Pleasure from the Theatre, by a monstrous, and unmoving, Affectation: which, choking up the Avenues to Passion, had made Tragedy FORBIDDING, and HORRIBLE!

I was despairing to see a Correction of this Folly; when I found myself, unexpectedly, re-activated, by the War which the THE PROMPTER has proclaim'd, and is now, Weekly, waging against the Ranters, and Whiners, of the Theatre; after having undertaken to reduce the Actor's lost Art, into PRINCIPLES, with Design, by reconciling them to the touching, and spirited,
Medium,

PREFACE to the READER.

Medium, to reform those wild Copies of Life, into some Resemblance, at least, of their Originals.

Thus, confirm'd in my Sentiments, I ventur'd on the Cast of two Capital Characters, into Hands, not disabled, by Custom, and obstinate Prejudice, from pursuing the Plain Track, of NATURE.

It was easy to induce OSMAN, (as he is a Relation of my own, and but too fond of the Amusement) to make Trial, how far his Delight, in an Art, I shall never allow him to practise, might enable him to supply one Part of the Proof, that, to imitate Nature, we must proceed, upon Natural Principles.

At the same Time, it happened, that Mrs. CIBBER was, fortunately, inclinable to exert her inimitable Talent, in additional Aid of my Purpose, with View to continue the Practice of a Profession, for which, Her Person, Her Voice, the unaffected Sensibility of her Heart, (and, her Face, so finely dispos'd, for assuming, and expressing, the PASSIONS) have, so naturally, qualify'd her.

And, to give this bold Novelty of Design, all its necessary Furtherance, Mr. FLEETWOOD, who professes the most generous Inclinations, for Improvement of his troublesome Province, very willingly concurr'd, in whatever cou'd, on His Part, be of Use, to the Experiment.

Behold, in this little Detail, from what Motive, I have taken upon me to throw one of the finest of French Plays upon the Publick.—If my Expectations are not strangely deceiv'd, it will be found, by the Event, whether our Taste for true Tragedy is declin'd; or, the true Art of Acting it forgotten.

From the First, I can have nothing to conclude, but, that my Judgment has been weak, and mistaken.

But, if the Last proves the Case, I shall flatter myself, that those Persons of Quality, from whose imaginary Want of Discernment some People have not blush'd, to DERIVE their Dull Qualities, will, in Right of their
insulted

PREFACE to the READER.

Insulted Understanding, EXACT, for the future, a warm, and, toilsome, Exertion, of the Strong and the Natural, tho' at the COST of the Lazy, and Affected.

This would awaken, at once, the Reflexion, of many, who have it in their POWER to be moving, and natural Actors; and, by effectually convincing them, that their Present Opinion is wrong, bring 'em over (for their own, and the Publick Advantage) to embrace, and succeed by, a New one.

Such a Step, toward reforming the Theatre, wou'd draw on, (as a Consequence) many, of its nobler Improvements—For, where Emotions are keenest, the Delight becomes greatest; and, to whatever most charms, we, most closely, adhere; and, encourage it, most actively.

If, in translating this excellent Tragedy, I have regarded, in some Places, the Soul, and, in others, the Letter, of the Original, Monsieur de Voltaire, who has made himself a very capable Judge, both of our Language, and Customs, will indulge me that Latitude; except, he shou'd, in observing some Alterations I have made, in his Names, and his Diction, forget, that their Motives are to be found, in the Turn of our National Difference.

After what I have said of the Playhouses, it wou'd be Injustice, not to declare, that I exclude from the Censure, of Speaking, or acting, unnaturally, Any One of the Persons, who have been cast into ZARA.—And, in particular, I must say This, of TWO of them; that Mr. MILWARD, who is already a very excellent, and hourly rising to be an accomplish'd, Actor, has a VOICE, that both comprehends, and expresses, the utmost Compass of HARMONY.—And, Mr. CIBBER, discerningly, pursued, thro' the numberless Extent of his Walks, is an Actor, of as unlimited a Compass of GENIUS, as ever I saw on the Stage: and, is, barely, receiv'd, as he deserves, when the Town is most favourable.

P R O-



P R O L O G U E,

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

Spoke by Mr. CIBBER.

THE French, *howe'er Mercurial they may seem,*
Extinguish half their Fire, by Critic Phlegm:
While English Writers Nature's Freedom claim,
And warm their Scenes with an ungo-vern'd Flame:
Tis strange that Nature never should inspire
A Racine's Judgment, with a Shakespear's Fire!
Howe'er, to-night—(to promise much we're loth)
But—you've a Chance, to have a Taste of Both.
From English Plays, Zara's French Author fir'd,
Confess'd his Muse, beyond herself, inspir'd;
From rack'd Othello's Rage, he rais'd his Style,
And snatch'd the Brand, that lights this Tragick Pile:
Zara's Success his utmost Hopes outflew,
And a twice-twentieth Weeping-Audience drew.
As for our English Friend, he leaves to you,
Whate'er may seem to his Performance due;
No Views of Gain, his Hopes or Fears engage,
He gives a Child of Leisure to the Stage:
Willing to try, if yet, forsaken Nature,
Can Charm, with any One remember'd Feature.
Thus far, the Author speaks—but now, the Player,
With trembling Heart, prefers his humble Prayer.
To-night,

P R O L O G U E.

*To-night, the greatest Venture of my Life,
 Is Lost, or Sav'd, as You receive—a Wife :
 If Time, you think, may ripen her, to Merit,
 With gentle Smiles, support her wav'ring Spirit.
 Zara in France, at once, an Actress rais'd,
 Warm'd into Skill, by being kindly Prais'd :
 O ! cou'd such Wonders Here, from Favour flow,
 How would our Zara's Heart, with Transport glow
 But she, alas ! by juster Fears oppress'd,
 Begs but your bare Endurance, at the Best.
 Her unskill'd Tongue would simple Nature speak,
 Nor dares Her Bounds, for false Applauses break.
 Amidst a thousand Faults, her best Pretence
 To please—is unpresuming Innocence.
 When a chaste Heart's Distress your Grief demands,
 One silent Tear outweighs a thousand Hands.
 If she conveys the pleasing Passions, RIGHT,
 Guard and Support her, this decisive Night.
 If she MISTAKES—or, finds her Strength too small,
 Let interposing Pity—break her Fall.
 In You it rests, to Save her, or Destroy,
 If She draws Tears from You, I Weep—for Joy.*

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PERSONS REPRESENTED,

As Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden,
1752.

Osman, <i>Sultan of Jerusalem,</i>	By Mr. Barry.
Lusignan, <i>last of the Blood of the</i>	} Mr. Sparks.
Christian Kings of Jerusalem,	
Zara, }	} Mrs. Cibber.
Selima, }	
Slaves to the Sultan.	
Nerestan, }	} Mr. Dyer.
Chatillon, }	
French Officers.	
Orafmin, <i>Minister to the Sultan,</i>	Mr. Ridout.
Melidor, <i>an Officer in the Seraglio,</i>	Mr. Bransby.

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T R A G E D Y
O F
Z A R A.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Zara and Selima.

Selima.



I T moves my Wonder, young and
beauteous *Zara*,
Whence these new Sentiments in-
spire your Heart!
Your Peace of Mind increaseth with
your Charms;
Tears, now, no longer shade your
Eyes soft Lustre:
You meditate, no more, those happy Climes,
To which *Nerestan* will return to guide you:
You

You talk no more of that gay Nation, now,
 Where Men adore their Wives, and Woman's Power
 Draws Rev'rence from a polish'd People's Softness :
 Their Husband's Equals; and their Lovers' Queens !
 Free without Scandal; wise, without Restraint;
 Their Virtue, due to Nature, not to Fear!
 Why have you ceas'd to wish this happy Change?
 A barr'd Seraglio!—sad, unsocial Life!
 Scorn'd, and a Slave! All this has lost its Terror:
 And Syria rivals, now, the Banks of *Seine*!

Zara. Joys, which we do not know, we do not
 wish;

My Fate's bound in, by *Sion's* sacred Wall;
 Clos'd, from my Infancy, within this Palace,
Custom has learnt, from *Time*, the Power to please :
 I claim no Share in the remoter World,
 The Sultan's Property, his Will my Law;
 Unknowing All, but Him, his Power, his Fame;
 To live his Subject, is my only Hope,
 All, else, an empty Dream.—

Selima. Have you forgot

Absent *Nerestan* then? Whose gen'rous Friendship,
 So nobly vow'd Redemption from your Chains!
 How oft have you admir'd his dauntless Soul!
Osman, his Conqu'ror, by his Courage, charm'd,
 Trusted his Faith, and, on his Word, releas'd him:
 Tho' not return'd, in Time——we, yet, expect Him.
 Nor had his Noble Journey other Motive,
 Than to procure our Ransom;—And is this,
 This dear, warm, Hope——become an idle Dream?

Zara. Since after two long Years, he not returns,
 'Tis plain, his Promise stretch'd beyond his Power:
 A Stranger, and a Slave, unknown like him,
 Proposing Much, means Little;—Talks, and vows,
 Delighted with a Prospect of Escape:—
 He promis'd to redeem Ten Christians more,
 And free us All, from Slavery!—I own.

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The TRAGEDY of ZARA.

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; once admir'd th' unprofitable Zeal,
ut, now, it charms no longer.—

ge
; Selima. What ! if yet,
He, faithful, shou'd return, and hold his Vow !
Wou'd you not, then—

ge
; Zara. No matter—Time is past ;
And every Thing is chang'd—

ror : Selima. But, whence comes This ?

lo not Zara. Go—'twere too much, to tell thee *Zara's*
Fate;

The Sultan's Secrets, all, are sacred here :
But my fond Heart delights to mix with Thine.—

ease : Some three Months past, when thou, and other Slaves,

me : Were forc'd to quit fair *Jordan's* flow'ry Bank ;

Heaven, to cut short the Anguish of my Days,

Rais'd me, to Comfort, by a powerful Hand !

This mighty *Osman* !

Selima. What of Him ?

Zara. This Sultan !

This Conqu'ror of the Christians ! loves—

hip, Selima. Whom ?

! Zara. *Zara* !—

'd, Thou blushest, and I guess, thy Thoughts accuse me ;

him : But, know me better—'twas unjust Suspicion :

Him. All Emperor, as he is, I cannot stoop

To Honours, that bring Shame and Baseness with
'em :

Reason, and Pride, those Props of Modesty,

Sustain my guarded Heart, and strengthen Virtue ;

Rather than sink to Infamy, let *Chains*

Embrace me, with a Joy ; such Love denies :

No—I shall, now, astonish thee ;—His Great-
ness

Submits, to own a pure, and honest Flame ;

Among the shining Crowds, which *live*, to *please*
him,

I His whole Regard is fix'd on *Me*, alone :

He

The TRAGEDY of ZARA.

He offers Marriage—and its Rites, now, wait,
To crown me Empress of this Eastern World.

Selima. Your Virtue, and your Charms, deserve

All :

My Heart is not surpris'd, but struck, to hear it;
If, to be *Empress*, can compleat your Happiness,
I rank myself, with Joy, among your Slaves.

Zara. Be, still, my Equal—and enjoy my Blessings :

For, *Thou* partaking, they will bless *Me* more.

Selima. Alas! but Heaven! will it permit this Marriage?

Will not this Grandeur, falsely, call'd a Bliss,
Plant Bitterness, and root it, in your Heart?
Have you forgot, you are of Christian Blood?

Zara. Ah me! what hast thou said? Why wou'dst thou, thus,

Recal my wav'ring Thoughts?—How know I, what,
Or whence I am? Heaven kept it, hid, in Darknefs,
Conceal'd me from myself, and from my Blood.

Selima. *Nereftan*, who was born a Christian, here,
Asserts, that You, like Him, had Christian Parents;
Besides—*That Cross*, which, from your Infant Years,
Has been preserv'd, was found upon your Bosom,
As if design'd, by Heaven, a Pledge of Faith,
Due to the God, you purpose to forsake!

Zara. Can my fond Heart, on such a feeble Proof,
Embrace a Faith, abhorr'd by him I love?
I see, too plainly, Custom forms us All;
Our Thoughts, our Morals, our most fix'd Belief,
Are Consequences of our Place of Birth :
Born beyond *Ganges*, I had been a Pagan ;
In *France*, a Christian;—I am, here, a *Saracen* :
'Tis but *Instruction*, all! Our Parents' Hand
Writes, on our Heart, the first, faint Characters,
Which Time, re-tracing, deepens into Strength,
That nothing can efface, but Death, or Heaven!—
Thou wert not made a Pris'ner in this Place,

'Till,

The TRAGEDY of ZARA.

5

Fill, after Reason, borrowing Force from Years,
Had lent its Lustre, to enlighten Faith: —
For me, who in my Cradle was their Slave,
Thy Christian Doctrines were, too lately, taught me:
Yet, far from having lost the Rev'rence due,
This Cross, as often as it meets my Eye,
Strikes thro' my Heart a kind of awful Fear!
Honour, from my Soul, the Christian Laws,
Those Laws, which, soft'ning Nature, by Humanity,
Melt Nations into Brotherhood;—no doubt,
Christians are happy; and, 'tis just to love 'em.

Selima. Why have you, then, declar'd yourself
their Foe? [man's?]

Why will you join your Hand, with this proud *Os-*
Who owes his Triumphs to the Christian's Ruin!

Zara. Ah!—*Who* could slight the Offer of his
Heart?

—for I mean to tell thee all my Weakness;
Perhaps, I had, ere now, profess'd *Thy* Faith,
But *Osman* lov'd me—and I've lost it All: —
I think, on none, but *Osman*—my pleas'd Heart,
I'll'd with the Blessing, to be lov'd, by *Him*,
Wants Room for other Happiness:—Place thou,
Before thy Eyes, his Merit, and his Fame,
His Youth, yet, blooming but in Manhood's Dawn!
How many conquer'd Kings have swell'd his Pow'r!
Think, too, how lovely! how his Brow becomes
This Wreath of early Glories!—Oh! my Friend!
Talk not of a Scepter, which he gives me:
No—to be charm'd with That, were Thanks,
too humble!

Offensive Tribute, and, too poor, for Love!

'Twas *Osman*, won my Heart, not *Osman's* Crown:
I love not, in *Him*, aught, besides Himself.

Thou think'st, perhaps, that these are starts of Passion;
But, had the Will of Heav'n, less bent to bless him,
I doom'd *Osman* to my Chains, and Me, to fill

'Till,

The

The Throne, that *Osman* sits on—Ruin and Wretchedness,

Catch and consume my Wishes, but I wou'd——
To raise me, to my self, descend to Him.

Selima. Hark! the wish'd Music sounds!——'Tis
he——he comes—— [Exit *Selima*]

Zara. My Heart prevented him, and found him
near:

Absent, two whole long Days, the slow-pac'd Hour
At last, is come—and gives him, to my Wishes!

*Enter Osman, reading a Paper, which he re-delivers
to Orasmin.*

Osman. Wait my Return——or, shou'd there be
a Cause,

That may require my Presence——do not fear
To enter——ever mindful, that my Own

[Exit *Orasmin*]

Follows my People's Happiness.——At length,
Cares have releas'd my Heart——to Love, and *Zara*

Zara. 'Twas not in cruel Absence, to deprive me
Of your Imperial Image——every where,
You reign, triumphant: Memory supplies
Reflexion, with your Pow'r; and you, like Heaven
Are always present——and are, always gracious.

Osman. The Sultans, my great Ancestors, bequeath'd

Their Empire to me, but their Taste they gave not
Their Laws, their Lives, their Loves, delight not me
I know, our Prophet smiles, on am'rous Wishes;
And opens a wide Field, to vast Desire:
I know, that, at my Will, I might possess;
That, wasting Tenderness, in wild Profusion,
I might look down, to my surrounded Feet,
And bless contending Beauties.——I might speak,
Serenely slothful, from within my Palace,
And bid my Pleasure be my People's Law.
But, sweet, as Softness is, its End is cruel;

I can look round, and count a Hundred Kings,
Unconquer'd, by themselves, and Slaves to others:
Hence was *Jerusalem*, to Christians, lost;
But, Heaven, to blast that unbelieving Race,
Taught me, to *be* a King, by thinking *like* one.
Hence, from the distant *Euxine*, to the *Nile*,
The Trumpet's Voice has wak'd the World to War;
Yet, amidst Arms, and Death, *thy* Power has reach'd
For, thou disdain'st, like me, a languid Love; [me:
Glory, and *Zara*, join——and charm, together.

Zara. I hear at once, with Blushes, and, with Joy,
This Passion, so unlike your Country's Customs.

Osman. Passion, like mine, disdains my Country's
The Jealousy, the Faintness, the Distrust, [Customs,
The proud, superior, Coldness, of the East:

I know to love you, *Zara*, with Esteem;
To trust your Vertue, and to court your Soul.

Nobly confiding, I unveil my Heart,
And dare inform you, that, 'tis All your own:
My Joys must, *All*, be yours——only my Cares
Shall lie, conceal'd, within——and reach not *Zara*.

Zara. Oblig'd, by this Excess of Tendernefs,
How low, how wretched, was the Lot of *Zara*!
Too poor with aught, but Thanks, to pay such
Blessings!

Osman. Not so——I love——and wou'd be lov'd,
Let me confess it, I possess a Soul, [again;
That what it wishes, wishes, *ardently*.

I shou'd believe, you *hated*, had you *Power*
To love, with *Moderation*: 'Tis my Aim,
In every Thing, to reach supreme Perfection.
If, with an equal Flame, I touch your Heart,
Marriage attends your Smile—but know, 'twill make
Me wretched, if it makes not *Zara* happy.

Zara. Ah! Sir, if such a Heart, as gen'rous *Of*-
Can, from my Will, submit to take its Bliss, [*man's*,
What Mortal, ever, was decreed so happy!
Pardon the Pride, with which I own my Joy;
Thus,

The TRAGEDY of ZARA.

Thus, wholly, to possess the Man, I love!
 To know, and to confess, his Will my Fate!
 To be the happy Work of his dear Hands!
 To be——

Enter Orasmin.

Osman. Already interrupted! What?
 Who?——Whence?

Orasmin. This Moment, Sir, there is arriv'd
 That Christian Slave, who, licens'd, on his Faith,
 Went hence, to *France*——and, now return'd, prays
 Audience.

Zara. [*Aside.*] O! Heaven! [not?—

Osman. Admit him——What?—Why comes he

Orasmin. He waits, without?—No Christian dares
 approach

This Place, long sacred to the Sultan's Privacies.

Osman. Go—bring him with thee—Monarchs,
 like the Sun,

Shine but in vain, unwarmed, if unseen;
 With Forms, and Rev'rence, let the *Great* approach
 Not the *Unhappy*;——Every Place, alike, [us;
 Gives the Distress'd a Privilege to enter.——

[*Exit Orasmin.*

I think, with Horror, on these dreadful Maxims,
 Which harden Kings, insensibly, to Tyrants.

Re-enter Orasmin, with Nerestan.

Nerestan. Imperial Sultan! honour'd, even by Foes!
 See me, return'd, regardful of my Vow,
 And, punctual, to discharge a Christian's Duty:
 I bring the Ransom of the Captive, *Zara*,
 Fair *Selima*, the Partner of her Fortune,
 And of Ten Christian Captives, Pris'ners, here.
 You promis'd, Sultan, if I shou'd return,
 To grant their rated Liberty:——Behold,
 I am return'd, and they are yours no more.
 I wou'd have stretch'd my Purpose, to *Myself*,

But

But Fortune has deny'd it;—My poor All
Suffic'd, no further; and a noble Poverty
Is, now, my whole Possession:—I redeem
The promis'd Christians; for I taught 'em Hope.
But, for myself, I come, again, your Slave,
To wait the fuller Hand of future Charity.

Osman. Christian! I must confess, thy *Courage*
charms me;

But let thy *Pride* be taught, it treads too high,
When it presumes to climb, above my Mercy.—
Go, ransomless, thyself—and carry back
Their unaccepted Ransoms, join'd with Gifts,
Fit to reward thy Purpose:—Instead of Ten,
Demand a Hundred Christians; they are thine:
Take 'em—and bid 'em teach their haughty Country,
They left some Virtue, among *Saracens*.——
Be *Lusignan*, alone, excepted——He,
Who boasts the Blood of Kings, and dares lay Claim
'To *My Jerusalem*——That Claim his Guilt!
Such is the Law of States, had I been vanquish'd,
Thus had *He* said of *Me*:——I mourn his Lot,
Who must, in Fetters, lost to Day-light, pine,
And sigh away old Age, in Grief, and Pain.——
For *Zara*——but to name her, as a Captive,
Were to dishonour Language;——she's a Prize,
Above my Purchase;——All the Christian Realms,
With all their Kings to guide 'em, wou'd unite
In vain, to force her from me,——Go, retire——

Nereestan. For *Zara's* Ransom, with her own Con-
sent,

I had your Royal Word——For *Lusignan*——
Unhappy, poor, old Man——

Osman. Was I not heard?

Have I not told thee, Christian, all my Will?
What, if I prais'd thee!—This presumptuous Virtue,
Compelling my Esteem, provokes my Pride:
Be gone——and, when to-morrow's Sun shall rise
On my Dominions, be not found——too near me.

[*Exit Nereestan.*

Zara.

B

Zara. [*Aside.*] Assist him, Heaven!

Osman. *Zara*, retire a Moment——

Assume, throughout my Palace, Sovereign Empire,
While I give Orders, to prepare the Pomp,
That waits, to crown the Mistress of my Throne:

[*Leads her out, and returns.*]

Orafmin! didst thou mark th' imperious Slave?
What cou'd he mean?—he sigh'd—and, as he went,
Turn'd, and look'd back at *Zara!*—did'st thou mark
—— it?

Orafmin. Alas! my Sovereign Master! let not
Jealousy

Strike high enough, to reach your noble Heart.

Osman. Jealousy, said'st thou? I disdain it:—No!—

Distrust is poor; and a misplac'd Suspicion

Invites, and justifies, the Falshood fear'd.——

Yet, as I love with Warmth——So, I cou'd hate!

But, *Zara*, is above Disguise and Art:——

My Love is stronger, nobler, than my Power.

Jealous!——I was not Jealous——If I was,

I am not——no——my Heart——but, let us drown

Remembrance of the Word, and of the Image:

My Heart is fill'd with a diviner Flame.——

Go——and prepare for the approaching Nuptials;

Zara to careful *Empire* joins Delight.

I must allot one Hour to Thoughts of State,

Then, all the smiling Day is Love, and *Zara's*.

[*Exit Orafmin.*]

Monarchs, by Forms of pompous Milery, press'd,

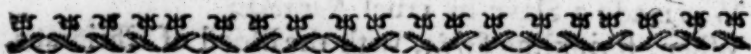
In proud, unfocial Solitude, unblest'd,

Wou'd, but for Love's soft Influence, curse their
Throne,

And, among crowded Millions, live, alone.

End of the First Act.

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Nereſtan, Chatillon.

MATCHLESS *Nereſtan*! Generous, and Great!
You, who have broke the Chains of hope-
leſs Slaves!

You, Chriſtian Saviour! by a Saviour ſent!
Appear, be known, enjoy your due Delight;
The grateful Weepers wait, to claſp your Knees,
They throng, to kiſs the happy Hand, that ſav'd 'em:
Indulge the kind Impatience of their Eyes,
And, at their Head, command their Hearts, for ever.

Nereſtan. Illuſtrious *Chatillon*! this Praise o'er-
whelms me;

What have I done, beyond a Chriſtian's Duty?
Beyond, what *You* wou'd, in my Place, have done?

Chatillon. True——It is ev'ry honeſt Chriſtian's
Nay, 'tis the Bleſſing of ſuch Minds as ours, [Duty;
For others' Good to ſacrifice our own.——

Yet, happy they, to whom Heav'n grants the Power,
To execute, like you, the Duty's Call!

For us——the Relicks of abandon'd War,

Forgot in *France*, and, in *Jeruſalem*,

Left, to grow old, in Fetters;——*Osman*'s Father

Conſign'd us to the Gloom of a damp Dungeon,

Where, but for you, we muſt have groan'd out Life;

And native *France* have bleſs'd our Eyes no more.

Nereſtan. The Will of Gracious Heaven, that
ſofter'd *Osman*,

Inſpir'd me, for your Sakes;——But, with our Joy,

Flows, mix'd, a bitter Sadneſs——I had hop'd,

To ſave, from their Perverſion, a young Beauty,

B 2

Who,

Who, in her Infant Innocence, with me,
 Was made a Slave by cruel *Noradin*;
 When, sprinkling *Syria*, with the Blood of Christians,
Cæsarea's Walls saw *Lusignan*, surpris'd,
 And the proud Crescent rise, in bloody Triumph:
 From this Seraglio, having, young, escap'd,
 Fate, Three Years since, restor'd me to my Chains;
 Then, sent to *Paris*, on my plighted Faith,
 I flatter'd my fond Hope, with vain Resolves,
 To guide the lovely *Zara*, to that Court,
 Where *Lewis* has establish'd Virtue's Throne;—
 But *Osman* will detain her—yet, not *Osman*;
Zara, herself, forgets she is a Christian,
 And loves the Tyrant Sultan!—Let that pass:
 I mourn a Disappointment, still, more cruel;
 The Prop of all our Christian Hope is lost!

Chatillon. Dispose me, at your Will—I am your
 own.

Nerestan. Oh, Sir, great *Lusignan*, so long, their
 That last, of an Heroic Race of Kings! [Captive,
 That Warrior! whose past Fame has fill'd the World!
Osman refuses, to my Sighs, for ever!

Chatillon. Nay, then, we have been all redeem'd,
 in vain;

Perish that Soldier, who wou'd quit his Chains,
 And leave his noble Chief, behind, in Fetters.
 Alas! you know him not, as I have known him;
 Thank Heav'n, that plac'd your Birth, so far, remov'd,
 From those detested Days of Blood, and Woe;
 But I, less happy, was condemn'd to see
 Thy Walls, *Jerusalem*, beat down—and all
 Our pious Fathers' Labours lost, in Ruins!
 Heav'n! had you seen the very *Temple* rifled!
 The sacred Sepulchre, itself, profan'd!
 Fathers with Children, mingled, flame together!
 And our last King, oppress'd, by Age, and Arms,
 Murder'd—and bleeding, o'er his murder'd Sons!
 Then, *Lusignan*, sole Remnant of his Race,

Rallying

Rallying our fated Few, amidst the Flames,
Fearless, beneath the Crush of falling Towers,
The Conqu'rors, and the Conquer'd, Groans, and
Death!

Dreadful—and, waving in his Hand, his Sword,
Red, with the Blood of Infidels—cry'd out,
This Way, ye faithful Christians! follow Me—

Nerestan. How full of Glory was that brave Retreat!

Chatillon. 'Twas Heav'n, no doubt, that sav'd,
and led him on;

Pointed his Path; and march'd our Guardian Guide:
We reach'd *Cæsarea*—there, the general Voice
Chose *Lusignan*, thenceforth, to give us Laws;
Alas! 'twas vain—*Cæsarea* cou'd not stand,
When *Sion's* Self was fall'n!—we were betray'd;
And *Lusignan* condemn'd, to Length of Life,
In Chains, and Damps, and Darknefs, and Despair:
Yet, Great, amidst his Miseries, he look'd,
As if he could not feel his Fate, himself,

But, as it reach'd his Followers:—And shall we,
For whom our gen'rous Leader suffer'd This,
Be, vilely, safe? and dare be bless'd, without him?

Nerestan. Oh! I shou'd hate the Liberty, he shar'd
I knew, too well, the Miseries, you describe, [not:
For I was born, amidst 'em—Chains, and Death,
Cæsarea lost, and *Saracens*, triumphant,
Were the first Objects, which my Eyes e'er look'd on.
Hurried, an Infant, among other Infants,
Snatch'd, from the Bosoms of their bleeding Mothers,
A Temple sav'd us, till the Slaughter ceas'd;
Then, were we sent to this ill-fated City,
Here, in the Palace of our former Kings,
To learn, from *Saracens*, their hated Faith,
And be completely wretched.—*Zara*, too,
Shar'd this Captivity; we, both, grew up,
So near each other, that a tender Friendship
Endear'd her to my Wishes:—My fond Heart—
Pardons its Weaknefs! bleeds, to see her lost,
And, for a barb'rous Tyrant, quit her God!

Chatillon. Such is the *Saracens'*, too fatal, Policy!
 Watchful Seducers, still, of Infant Weakness:
 Happy, that *You*, so young, escap'd their Hands!
 But, let us think——May not this *Zara's* Int'rest,
 Loving the Sultan, and, by him belov'd,
 For *Lusignan* procure some softer Sentence?
 'The Wise, and Just, with Innocence, may draw
 Their own Advantage, from the Guilt of others.

Nereffan. How shall I gain Admission to her Presence?

Osman has banish'd me——but That's a Trifle;
 Will the Seraglio's Portals open to me?
 Or, cou'd I find *That*, easy, to my Hopes,
 What Prospect of Success, from an Apostate?
 On whom I cannot look, without Disdain;
 And who will read her Shame, upon my Brow?
 'The hardest Trial of a gen'rous Mind
 Is, to court Favours, from a Hand it scorns.

Chatillon. Think, it is *Lusignan*, we seek to serve.

Nereffan. Well——It shall be attempted——Hark!
 who's this?

Are my Eyes false? or, is it, really, she?

Enter Zara.

Zara. Start not, my worthy Friend! I come, to
 seek you;

'The Sultan has permitted it; fear nothing:——
 But, to confirm my Heart, which trembles, near you,
 Soften that angry Air, nor look Reproach;
 Why should we fear each other, Both, mistaking?
 Associates, from our Birth, one Prison held us,
 One Friendship taught Affliction, to be calm;
 'Till Heav'n thought fit to favour your Escape,
 And call you to the Fields of happier *France*;
 Thence, once again, it was my Lot to find you,
 A Pris'ner here; where, hid, amongst a Crowd
 Of undistinguish'd Slaves, with less Restraint,
 I shar'd your frequent Converse;——

It

It pleas'd your Pity, shall I say your Friendship?
Or, rather, shall I call it generous Charity?
To form that noble Purpose, to redeem
Distressful *Zara*—you procur'd my Ransom,
And, with a Greatness, that out-soar'd a Crown,
Return'd, Yourself a Slave, to give *Me* Freedom!
But Heaven has cast our Fate, for different Climes;
Here, in *Jerusalem*, I fix, for ever:
Yet, among all the Shine, that marks my Fortune,
I shall, with frequent Tears, remember yours;
Your Goodness will, for ever, sooth my Heart,
And keep your Image, still, a Dweller, there.
Warm'd, by your great Example, to protect
That Faith, that lifts Humanity, so high,
I'll be a Mother to distressful Christians.

Nerestan. How!—*You* protect the Christians!

You, who can

Abjure their saving Truth!—and, coldly, see
Great *Lusignan*, their Chief, die slow, in Chains?

Zara. To bring him Freedom, you behold me here,
You will, this Moment, meet his Eyes, in Joy:

Chatillon. Shall I, then live, to bless that happy
Hour? [Zara?]

Nerestan. Can Christians owe, so dear a Gift, to

Zara. Hopeless, I gather'd Courage, to intreat
The Sultan, for his Liberty—Amaz'd,
So soon, to gain the Happiness, I wish'd!
See! where they bring the good, old Chief, grown dim,
With Age, by Pain, and Sorrows, hasten'd on!

Chatillon. How is my Heart dissolv'd, with sudden
Joy!

Zara. I long to view his venerable Face,
But Tears, I know not why, eclipse my Sight!
I feel, methinks, redoubled Pity for him;
But I, alas! myself, have been a Slave;
And, when we pity Woes, which we have felt,
'Tis but a partial Virtue!

Nerestan. Amazement!—Whence this Greatness,
in an Infidel!

Enter Lusignan, led in by two Guards.

Lusignan. Where am I! What forgiven Angel's
Has call'd me, to revisit long-lost Day? [Voice
Am I with Christians?—I am weak—forgive me,
And guide my trembling Steps?—I'm full of Years,
Yet, *Misery* has worn me, more than Age.
[Seating himself.] Am I, in Truth, at Liberty?

Chatillon. You are;
And every Christian's Grief takes end, with yours.

Lusignan. O, Light!—O! dearer, far, than Light!
that Voice!

Chatillon! is it you?—my Fellow Martyr!
And, shall our Wretchedness, indeed, have end?
In what Place are we, now?—my feeble Eyes,
Disus'd to Daylight, long, in vain, to find you.

Chatillon. This was the Palace of your Royal Fa-
'Tis now, the Son of *Noradin's* Seraglio. [thers,

Zara. The Master of this Place—the mighty *Os-*
Distinguishes, and loves to cherish, Virtue; [man!
This gen'rous *Frenchman*, yet, a Stranger to you,
Drawn from his Native Soil, from Peace, and Rest,
Brought the vow'd Ransoms of Ten Christian Slaves,
Himself, contented, to remain a Captive:
But *Osman*, charm'd by Greatness, like his own,
To equal, what he lov'd, has giv'n him, *You*.

Lusignan. So, gen'rous *France* inspires her social
They have been, ever, dear, and useful to me! [Sons!
Wou'd I were nearer to him——Noble Sir!

[*Nerestan approaches.*

How have I merited, that you, for me,
Shou'd pass such distant Seas, to bring me Blessings,
And hazard your own Safety, for my Sake?

Nerestan. My Name, Sir, is *Nerestan*—Born, in *Syria*,
I wore the Chains of Slav'ry, from my Birth;
Till, quitting the proud Crescent, for the Court,
Where

Where warlike *Lewis* reigns, beneath his Eye,
I learnt the Trade of Arms:—The Rank, I hold,
Was but the kind Distinction, which he gave me,
To tempt my Courage, to deserve Regard.
Your Sight, unhappy Prince, wou'd charm his Eye;
That Best, and Greatest Monarch, will behold,
With Grief, and Joy, those venerable Wounds,
And print Embraces, where your Fetters bound you:
All *Paris* will revere the Cross's Martyr;
Paris, the Refuge, still, of ruin'd Kings!

Lusignan. Alas! In Times, long past, I've seen its
Glory:

When *Philip*, the Victorious, liv'd—I fought,
Abreast, with *Montmorency*, and *Melun*,
D'Estaing, *De Neile*, and the far-famous *Courcy*;—
Names, which were, then, the Praise, and Dread,
But, what have I to do, at *Paris*, now? [of War!
I stand upon the Brink of the cold Grave;
That way, my Journey lies—to find, I hope,
The King of *Kings*, and move Remembrance, there,
Of all my Woes, long-suffer'd, for his Sake.—
You, gen'rous Witnesses of my last Hour,
While I yet live, assist my humble Prayers,
And join the Resignation of my Soul.
Nerestan! *Chatillon*! and you—fair Mourner!
Whose Tears do Honour to an old Man's Sorrows!
Pity a Father, the unhappiest, sure!
That ever felt the Hand of angry Heaven!
My Eyes, tho' dying, still, can furnish Tears:
Half my long Life they flow'd, and, still, *will* flow!
A Daughter, and three Sons, my Heart's proud Hopes,
Were, all, torn from me, in their tend'rest Years;
My Friend *Chatillon* knows, and can remember—

Chatillon. Wou'd I were able, to forget your Woe.

Lusignan. Thou wert a Pris'ner, with me, in *Cæsarea*,

And, there, beheld'st my Wife, and Two dear Sons
Perish, in Flames—They did not need the Grave,

Their Foes wou'd have *deny'd* 'em!—I beheld it;
Husband! and *Father!* helpless, I beheld it!
 Deny'd the mournful Privilege, to die!
 If ye are Saints in Heaven, as, sure! ye are!
 Look, with an Eye of Pity, on *That* Brother,
That Sister, whom you left!—if I have, yet,
 Or Son, or Daughter:—for, in early Chains,
 Far from their lost, and unassisting Father,
 I heard, that they were sent, with Numbers more,
 To this *Seraglio*; hence to be dispers'd,
 In nameless Remnants, o'er the East, and spread
 Our Christian Miseries, round a faithless World.

Chatillon. 'Twas true—for, in the Horrors of
 that Day,

I snatch'd your Infant Daughter, from her Cradle;
 But, finding ev'ry Hope of Flight was vain,
 Scarce had I sprinkled, from a publick Fountain,
 Those sacred Drops, which wash the Soul from Sin;
 When, from my bleeding Arms, fierce *Saracens*
 Forc'd the lost Innocent, who, smiling, lay,
 And pointed, playful, at the swarthy Spoilers!
 With Her, your youngest, then, your *only* Son,
 Whose little Life had reach'd the fourth, sad Year,
 And, just, giv'n Sense, to *feel* his own Misfortunes,
 Was order'd to this City.

Nerefsan. I, too, hither,
 Just, at that fatal Age, from lost *Cæsarea*,
 Came, in that Crowd of undistinguish'd Christians.—

Lusignan. *You?*—came *You* thence?—Alas!
 who knows but you

Might, heretofore, have seen my Two, poor Children?
 [*Looking up.*] Hah! Madam! that small Ornament
 you wear,

Its Form a Stranger to this Country's Fashion,
 How long has it been yours?

Zara. From my first Breath, Sir——
 Ah! What!——you seem surpris'd!——Why should
 This move you?

Lusignan

Lusignan. Wou'd you confide it to my trembling Hands?

Zara. To what new Wonder, am I now reserv'd?
Oh! Sir, what mean you?

Lusignan. Providence! and Heaven!
O, failing Eyes! deceive ye not my Hope?
Can this be possible?——Yes, yes—'tis She!
This little Cross——I know it, by sure Marks;
Oh! take me, Heav'n! while I can die with Joy—

Zara. O! do not, Sir, distract me!—rising Thoughts,
And Hopes, and Fears, o'erwhelm me!

Lusignan. Tell me, yet,
Has it remain'd, for ever, in your Hands?
What!—Both, brought Captives, from *Cæsarea* hither?

Zara. Both, both—— [ther?

Nerestan. Oh, Heaven! have I then found a Fa-

Lusignan. Their Voice! their Looks!

The living Images of their dear Mother!
O, Thou! who, thus, canst bless my Life's last Sand!
Strengthen my Heart, too feeble for this Joy.

Madam! *Nerestan*!—Help me, *Chatillon*! [Rising.

Nerestan! if thou ought'st to own that Name,
Shines there, upon thy Breast, a noble Scar,
Which, ere *Cæsarea* fell, from a fierce Hand,
Surprising us, by Night, my Child receiv'd?

Nerestan. Bless'd Hand!——I bear it, Sir——
the Mark is there!

Lusignan. Merciful Heaven!

Nerestan. [Kneeling.] O, Sir!—O, *Zara*, kneel.—

Zara. [Kneeling.] My Father?——Oh!——

Lusignan. O, My lost Children!

Both. Oh!—— [bracing you,

Lusignan. My Son! my Daughter! Lost, in em-
I wou'd, now, die, lest this should prove a Dream.

Chatillon. How touch'd is my glad Heart, to see
their Joy!

Lusignan. Again, I find you—dear, in Wretched-
ness.

O, my brave Son—and, Thou, my nameless Daugh-
Now, dissipate all Doubt, remove all Dread: [ter!
Has Heaven, that gives me back my Children—
giv'n 'em,

Such, as I lost 'em?—Come they, Christians, to me?—
One weeps—and one declines a conscious Eye!
Your Silence speaks—Too well I understand it.

Zara. I cannot, Sir, deceive you—*Osman's* Laws
Were mine—and *Osman* is *not* Christian.—

Lusignan. Oh! my misguided Child!—at that sad
Word,

The little Life, yet mine, had left me, quite,
But that my Death might fix thee, lost, for ever.
Full sixty Years, I fought the Christians' Cause,
Saw their doom'd Temple fall, their Power destroy'd:
Twenty, a Captive, in a Dungeon's Depth,
Yet, never, for myself, my Tears sought Heaven;
All, for my Children, rose my fruitless Prayers:
Yet, what avails a Father's wretched Joy?
I have a Daughter gain'd, and *Heav'n* an Enemy.
But, 'tis *my* Guilt, not her's—Thy Father's *Prison*
Depriv'd thee of thy Faith—yet, do not lose it:—
Reclaim thy Birthright—Think upon the Blood
Of Twenty Christian Kings, that fills thy Veins;
'Tis Heroes' Blood—the Blood of Saints, and Mar-
tyrs!

What wou'd thy *Mother* feel, to see thee, thus?
She, and thy murder'd *Brothers*!—Think, they
call thee;

Think, that thou see'st 'em, stretch their bloody Arms,
And weep, to win thee, from their Murderers' Bo-
som.

Ev'n, in the Place, where thou *betray'st* thy God,
He *dy'd*, my Child, to save thee.—Turn thy Eyes,
And see; for thou art *near*, his sacred Sepulchre;
'Thou can'st not move a Step, but where He *trod*!
Thou tremblest—Oh! admit me to thy *Soul*;
Kill not thy aged, thy afflicted Father;

Take

Take not, thus soon, again, the Life thou gav'st him;
Shame not thy Mother—nor betray thy God.——

'Tis past——Repentance dawns, in thy sweet Eyes;
I see bright Truth, descending to thy Heart,
And, now, my long-lost Child, is found, for ever.

Nereftan. O! doubly bless'd! a Sister, and a Soul,
To be redeem'd, together!

Zara. O! my Father!
Dear Author of my Life! inform me, teach me,
What shou'd my Duty do?

Lufignan. By one short Word,
To dry up all my Tears, and make Life welcome,
Say, thou art Christian——

Zara. Sir——I am a Christian.

Lufignan. Receive her, gracious Heaven! and bless
her, for it.

Enter Orasmin.

Orasmin. Madam, the Sultan order'd me, to tell
That he expects, you, instant, quit this Place, [you,
And bid your last Farewell, to these vile Christians:
You, Captive *Frenchmen*, follow me;——for you,
It is my Task, to answer.——

Gbatillon. Still, new Miseries!
How cautious Man shou'd be, to say, I'm happy!
Lufignan. These are the Times, when Men of Vir-
tue, prove, [nefs.

That, 'tis the Mind, not Blood, insures their Firm-

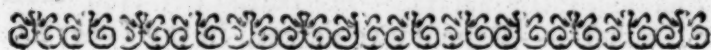
Zara. Alas! Sir——Oh!——

Lufignan. O, you!——I dare not name you:
Farewell—but, come what may, besure, remember,
You keep the fatal Secret!——for the rest,
Leave all to Heaven,——be faithful, and be blest.

End of the Second Act.

A C T

Take



ACT III. SCENE I.

Osman, and Orasmin.

Osman. O RASMIN! this Alarm was false, and
groundless;

Lewis, no longer, turns his Arms, on *Me*:
The *French*, grown weary, by a Length of Woes,
Wish not, at once, to quit their fruitful Plains,
And famish, on *Arabia's* desert Sands.
Their Ships, 'tis true, have spread the *Syrian* Seas;
And *Lewis*, hovering, o'er the Coast of *Cyprus*,
Alarms the Fears of *Asia*;——But, I've learnt,
That, steering wide, from our unmenac'd Ports,
He points his Thunder, at th' *Egyptian* Shore.
There, let him war, and waste my Enemies;
Their mutual Conflict will but fix my Throne.——
Release those Christians——I restore their Freedom;
'Twill please their Master, nor can weaken *Me*:
'Transport 'em, at my Coast, to find their King;
I wish, to have him know me: Carry thither,
This *Lusignan*, whom, tell him, I restore,
Because I cannot fear his Fame in Arms;
But love him, for his Virtue, and his Blood.
Tell him, my Father having conquer'd, twice,
Condemn'd him to perpetual Chains; but I
Have set him free, that I might triumph more.

Orasmin. The Christians gain an Army, in *His*

Osman. I cannot fear a Sound.—— [Name.

Orasmin. But, Sir,——shou'd *Lewis*——

Osman. Tell *Lewis*, and the *World*——it shall be so:
Zara propos'd it, and my Heart approves:
Thy Statesman's Reason is too dull, for Love!

Why

Why wilt thou force me, to confess it all ?
 Tho' I, to *Lewis*, send back *Lusignan*,
 I give him but to *Zara*——I have griev'd her ;
 And ow'd her the Atonement of this Joy.
Thy false Advices, which, but now, misled
 My Anger, to confine those helpless Christians,
 Gave her a Pain, I feel, for Her and Me :
 But I talk on, and waste the smiling Moments.
 For one long Hour, I yet, defer my Nuptials ;
 But, 'tis not *lost*, that Hour! 'twill all be Hers !
 She wou'd employ it, in a Conference,
 With that *Nerestan*, whom thou know'st——That
 Christian!

Orafmin. And have you, Sir, indulg'd that strange
 Desire ?

Osman. What mean'st thou? they were Infant
 Slaves together;
 Friends should *part, kind*, who are to meet no more;
 When *Zara* asks, I will refuse her nothing.
 Restraint was never made for those, we love ;
 Down, with these Rigours, of the proud Seraglio ;
 I hate its Laws——where blind Austerity
 Sinks Virtue, to Necessity.——My Blood
 Disclaims your *Asian* Jealousy;——I hold
 The fierce, free, Plainness, of my *Scythian* Ancestors,
 Their open Confidence, their honest Hate,
 Their Love, unfeared, and their Anger, told.
 Go—the good Christian waits——conduct him to her;
Zara expects thee——What she wills, obey.

[*Exit Osman.*]

Orafmin. Ho! Christian! enter——wait, a Mo-
 ment, here ;

Enter Nerestan.

Zara will soon approach——I go, to find her.

[*Exit Orafmin.*]

Nerestan. In what a State, in what a Place, I
 leave her!

O,

O, faith! O, Father! O! my poor, lost Sister!
She's here! —————

Enter Zara.

Thank Heaven, it is not, then, unlawful,
To see you, yet, once more, my lovely Sister!
Not *All* so happy! ——— We, who met, but now,
Shall never meet *again* ——— for *Lusignan* ———
We shall be Orphans, still, and want a Father.

Zara. Forbid it, Heaven!

Nerestan. His last, sad Hour's at Hand. ———
That Flow of Joy, which follow'd our Discovery,
Too strong, and sudden, for his Age's Weakness,
Wasting his Spirits, dry'd the Source of Life,
And Nature yields him up, to Time's Demand:
Shall he not die, in Peace? ——— Oh! let no Doubt
Disturb his parting Moments, with Distrust;
Let me, when I return, to close his Eyes,
Compose his *Mind's* Impatience, too, and tell him,
You are confirm'd a Christian. ———

Zara. Oh! may his Soul enjoy, in Earth, and
Heaven,

Eternal Rest! nor let one Thought, one Sigh,
One bold Complaint, of *mine*, recall his Cares!
But, *You* have injur'd me, who, still, can doubt. ———
What! am I not your Sister? and shall *You*
Refuse me Credit? *You* suppose me light?
You, who shou'd judge *my* Honour, by your own!
Shall *You* distrust a Truth, I dar'd avow,
And stamp Apostate, on a Sister's Heart!

Nerestan. Ah! do not misconceive me! ——— If I
err'd,

Affection, not Distrust, misled my Fear;
Your *Will* may be a Christian, yet, *not* You:
There is a sacred *Mark* ——— a *Sign*, of Faith,
A Pledge, of Promise, that must firm your Claim;
Wash you from Guilt, and open Heaven, before you:
Swear, swear, by all the Woes, we All have borne,
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By all the martyr'd Saints, who call you Daughter;
That you consent, this Day, to seal our Faith,
By that mysterious Rite, which waits your Call.

Zara. I swear, by Heaven, and all its holy Host,
Its Saints, its Martyrs, its attesting Angels,
And the dread Presence of its living Author,
To have no Faith, but yours;—to die, a Christian!
Now, tell me, what this mystick Faith requires?

Nerestan. To hate the Happiness of *Osman's* Throne,
And love that God, who, thro' this Maze of Woes,
Has brought us All, unhoping, thus, together;
For me—I am a Soldier, uninstructed,
Nor daring to instruct, tho' strong in Faith:
But I will bring th' Ambassador of Heaven,
To clear your Views, and lift you to your God:
Be it your Task, to gain Admission for him.—
But where? from whom?—Oh! thou Immortal
Power!

Whence can we hope it, in this curs'd Seraglio?
Who is this Slave of *Osman*?—Yes, this Slave!
Does she not boast the Blood of twenty Kings?
Is not her Race the same, with That, of *Lewis*?
Is she not *Lusignan's* unhappy Daughter?
A Christian? and my Sister?—yet, a Slave!
A willing Slave!—I dare not speak, more plainly.

Zara. Cruel! go on—Alas! you know not Me!
At once, a Stranger, to my secret Fate,
My Pains, my Fears, my Wishes, and my Power:
I am—I will be, Christian—will receive
This holy Priest, with his mysterious Blessing;
I will not do, nor suffer, aught, unworthy
Myself, my Father, or my Father's Race.—
But, tell me—nor be tender, on this Point;
What Punishment your Christian Laws decree,
For an unhappy Wretch, who, to herself,
Unknown, and, all abandon'd, by the World,
Lost, and enslav'd, has, in her Sovereign Master,
Found a Protector, Generous, as Great,

Has

Has touch'd *his* Heart, and giv'n him, all her own?

Nerestan. The Punishment of such a Slave, *shou'd* be Death, in *This* World—and Pain, in *That* to come.

Zara. I am that Slave—strike here—and save my Shame:

Nerestan. Destruction to my Hopes!—Can it be you?

Zara. It is—ador'd by *Osman*, I adore him: This Hour, the Nuptial Rites will make us, *One*.

Nerestan. What! marry *Osman*!—Let the World grow dark,

That the extinguish'd Sun may hide thy Shame!

Cou'd it be thus, it were no Crime to kill thee.

Zara. Strike, strike—I love him—yes, by Heav'n! I love him. [Me:

Nerestan. Death is thy Due---but not thy Due from Yet, were the Honour of our House no Bar— My Father's Fame, and the too gentle Laws Of that Religion, which thou hast disgrac'd— Did not the God, thou quit'st, hold back my Arm, Not there—I cou'd not there;—but, by my Soul, I wou'd rush, desp'rate, to the Sultan's Breast, And plunge my Sword, in his proud Heart, who damns thee.

Oh! Shame! Shame! Shame! at such a Time, as this! When *Lewis*, that Awak'ner of the World, Beneath the lifted Cross, makes *Egypt* pale, And draws the Sword of Heaven, to spread our Faith!

Now, to submit to see my Sister, doom'd A Bosom Slave, to Him, whose Tyrant Heart But measures Glory, by the Christian's Woe! Yes—I will dare acquaint our Father with it;— Departing *Lusignan* may live, so long, As just, to hear, thy Shame, and die, to 'scape it.

Zara. Stay--my too angry Brother,---stay--perhaps, *Zara* has Resolution, great as Thine:

'Tis cruel—and unkind!---Thy Words are Crimes; *My Weakness* but *Misfortune*! Dost thou suffer?

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I suffer more;—Oh! wou'd to Heaven, this Blood
 Of Twenty boasted Kings, would stop, at once,
 And stagnate in my Heart!—It, then, no more,
 Would rush, in boiling Fevers, thro' my Veins,
 And ev'ry trembling Drop, be fill'd with *Osman*.
 How has he lov'd me! How has he oblig'd me!
 I owe *Thee* to him! What has he *not* done,
 To justify his boundless Pow'r of charming!
 For *me*, he softens the severe Decrees
 Of his own Faith;—And is it just, that *mine*
 Shou'd bid me hate him, but because he loves me?
 No—I will be a Christian—but, preserve
 My Gratitude, as sacred, as my Faith:
 If I have Death to fear, for *Osman's* Sake,
 It must be, from his *Coldness*, not his *Love*.
Nerestan. I must, at once, condemn, and pity thee;
 I cannot point thee out, which Way to go,
 But Providence will lend its Light to guide thee.
 That sacred Rite, which thou shalt, now, receive,
 Will strengthen, and support, thy feeble Heart,
 To live, an Innocent; or die, a Martyr:
 Here, then, begin Performance of thy Vow;
 Here, in the trembling Horrors of thy Soul,
 Promise thy King, thy Father, and thy God,
 Not to accomplish these detested Nuptials,
 Till, first, the reverend Priest has clear'd your Eyes,
 Taught you to know, and giv'n you Claim to, Hea-
 ven.
 Promise me this——
Zara. So bless me, Heaven! I do.——
 Go——hasten the good Priest, I will expect him;
 But, first, return——cheer my expiring Father,
 Tell him, I am, and will be, All he wishes me:
 Tell him, to give Him Life, 'twere Joy, to die.
Nerestan. I go---farewell---farewell, unhappy Sister!
 [Exit *Nerestan*.]
Zara. I am alone---and, now, be just, my Heart!
 And tell me, Wilt thou dare betray thy God!

What

What am I? What am I about to be?
 Daughter of *Lusignan*?—or Wife to *Osman*?
 Am I a Lover, most? or, most, a Christian?
 Wou'd *Selima* were come! and, yet, 'tis just,
 All Friends shou'd fly Her, who forsakes Herself:
 What shall I do?—What Heart has Strength, to bear
 These double Weights of Duty?—Help me Heaven!
 'To thy hard Laws I render up my Soul:
 But, Oh! demand it back—for, now, 'tis *Osman*'s....

Enter Osman.

Osman. Shine out, appear, be found, my lovely
Zara!

Impatient Eyes attend—The Rites expect thee;
 And my devoted Heart, no longer, brooks
 This Distance, from its Soft'ner!—All the Lamps
 Of Nuptial Love are lighted, and burn pure,
 As if they drew their Brightness from thy Blushes;
 The holy Mosque is fill'd with fragrant Fumes,
 Which emulate the Sweetness of thy Breathing:
 My prostrate People, all, confirm my Choice,
 And send their Souls to Heaven, in Prayer, for Blessings;
 Thy envious *Rivals*, conscious of thy Right,
 Approve superior Charms, and join to praise thee;
 The Throne, that waits thee, seems to shine, more
 As all its Gems, with animated Lustre, [richly,
 Fear'd to look dim, beneath the Eyes of *Zara!*
 Come, my slow Love! the Ceremonies wait thee;
 Come, and begin, from this dear Hour, my Triumph.

Zara. Oh! what a Wretch am I? O, Grief! Oh,
 Love!

Osman. Come——come——

Zara. Where shall I hide my Blushes?

Osman. Blushes?—here, in my Bosom, hide 'em.—

Zara. My Lord?

Osman. Nay, *Zara*—give me thy Hand, and come—

Zara. Instruct me, Heaven!

What I shou'd say——Alas! I cannot speak:

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Osman. Away——this modest, sweet, reluctant,
Trifling

But doubles my Desires, and thy own Beauties !

Zara. Ah, me !

Osman. Nay—but thou should'st not be too cruel---

Zara. I can, no longer, bear it——Oh ! my Lord---

Osman. Ha !——what !——whence ? how ?——

Zara. My Lord ! my Sovereign !

Heaven knows, this Marriage wou'd have been a Bliss,

Above my humble Hopes !—yet, witness Love !

Not from the Grandeur of your Throne, that Bliss,

But, from the Pride of calling *Osman*, Mine.

Wou'd, You had been no Emperor ! and I,

Possess'd of Power, and Charms, deserving *You* !

That, slighting *Asia's* Thrones, I might, alone,

Have left a proffer'd World, to follow *You*,

Through Desarts, uninhabited by Men,

And bless'd, with ample Room, for Peace, and Love :

But, as it is——these Christians——

Osman. Christians ! what !

How start two Images into thy Thoughts,

So distant——as the Christians, and my Love !

Zara. That good, old Christian, reverend *Lusignan*,

Now, dying, ends his Life, and Woes, together !

Osman. Well ! let him die---What has thy Heart
to feel,

Thus pressing, and thus tender, from the Death

Of an old, wretched, Christian ?---Thank our Prophet,

Thou art no Christian !——educated, here,

Thy happy Youth was taught our better Faith :

Sweet, as thy Pity shines, 'tis, now, mistim'd ;

What ! tho' an aged Suff'rer dies, unhappy,

Why shou'd his foreign Fate disturb our Joys ?

Zara. Sir, if you love me, and wou'd have me

That, I am, truly, dear—— [think,

Osman. Heaven ! if I love——

Zara. Permit me——

Osman. What ?

Zara.

Zara. To desire——

Osman. Speak out——

Zara. The Nuptial Rites
May be deferr'd, till——

Osman. What?——is That the Voice
Of Zara?

Zara. Oh! I cannot bear his Frown!

Osman. Of Zara!

Zara. It is dreadful to my Heart,
To give you but a seeming Cause, for Anger;
Pardon my Grief--Alas! I cannot bear it;
There is a painful Terror, in your Eye,
That pierces to my Soul——hid, from your Sight
I go, to make a Moment's Truce, with Tears,
And gather Force, to speak of my Despair.

[Exit disorderly]

Osman. I stand, immoveable, like senseless Marble
Horror had frozen my suspended Tongue:
And an astonish'd Silence robb'd my Will
Of Power, to tell her, that she shock'd my Soul
Spoke she to *Me*?---sure! I misunderstood her!
Cou'd it be *Me*, she left?---What have I seen!

Enter Orasmin.

Orasmin! What a Change is here!--She's gone,
And I permitted it, I know not how!

Orasmin. Perhaps, you but accuse the charm
Of Innocence, too modest, oft, in Love. [F]

Osman. But why, and whence, those Tears?--
those Looks! that Flight!

That Grief! so strongly stamp'd, on every Feature
If it has been that *Frenchman*!---What a Thought
How low, how horrid, a Suspicion, That!

The dreadful Flash, at once, gives Light, and
My too bold Confidence, repell'd my Caution;
An Infidel!---a Slave!---a Heart, like mine,
Reduc'd, to suffer, from so vile a Rival!

But, tell me, did'st thou mark 'em, at their parting?

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Did'st thou observe the Language of their Eyes?
Hide nothing from me----Is my love betray'd?
Tell me my whole Disgrace: Nay, if thou tremblest,
I hear thy Pity speak, tho' thou art silent.

Orafmin. I tremble at the Pangs, I see you suffer;
Let not your angry Apprehension urge
Your faithful Slave, to irritate your Anguish;
I did, 'tis true, observe some parting Tears;
But, there are Tears, of *Charity*, and *Grief*:
I cannot think, there was a Cause, deserving
This Agony of Passion-----

Osman. Why no-----I thank thee-----
Orafmin, thou art wise! It cou'd not be,
That I shou'd stand, expos'd, to such an Insult:
Thou know'st, had *Zara* meant me the Offence,
She wants not Wisdom, to have *hid* it, better;
How rightly did'st thou judge!---*Zara* shall know it;
And thank thy honest Service---After all,
Might she not have some Cause for Tears, which I
Claim no concern in---but the Grief it gives her?
What an unlikely Fear-----from a poor Slave!
Who goes, to-morrow, and, no doubt, who wishes,
Nay, who resolves, to see these Climes no more!

Orafmin. Why did you, Sir, against our Country's
Custom,
Indulge him, with a second Leave to come?

He said, he shou'd return, once more, to see her.

[*Osman.* Return! the Traitor! He return!---Dares
Presume, to press a second Interview? [he

Wou'd he be seen, again?---He shall be seen;

But, dead;---Ill punish the audacious Slave,

To teach the faithless Fair, to feel my Anger:

Be *still*, my Transports; Violence is blind:

I know, my Heart, at once, is fierce, and weak;

I feel, that I descend, below my self;

Zara can never, justly, be suspected;

Her Sweetness was not form'd to cover Treason:

Yet, *Osman* must not stoop to Woman's Follies.

Their

Their Tears, Complaints, Regrets, and Reconcile-
ments,

With all their light, capricious, Roll of Changes,
Are Arts, too vulgar, to be try'd on *Me*.

It wou'd become me, better, to resume
The Empire of my Will :----Rather than fall

Beneath myself, I must, how dear foe'er

It costs me, *rise*----till I look down, on *Zara* !

Away---but mark me---these Seraglio Doors,
Against all Christians, be they, henceforth, shut,
Close, as the dark Retreats of silent Death.----

What have I done, just Heav'n ! thy Rage to move,
That thou should'st sink me down, so low, to Love ?



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Zara, Selima.

Selima.

AH! Madam, how, at once, I grieve your Fate,
And, how admire your Virtue!-----Heaven
permits, [fortune ;

And Heaven will give you Strength, to bear, Mis-
To break these Chains, so strong, and, yet, so dear.

Zara. Oh ! that I cou'd support the fatal Struggle !

Selima. Th' Eternal aids your Weakness, fees your
Will ;

Directs your Purpose, and rewards your Sorrows.

Zara. Never had Wretch more Cause, to *hope*, he
does.

Selima. What ! tho', you here, no more, behold
There is a Father to be found, above, [your Father !
Who can restore That Father to his Daughter.

Zara. But, I have planted Pain, in *Osman's* Bosom ;
He loves me, ev'n to Death !---and I reward him,
With

With Anguish, and Despair:---How base: how cruel!
But I deserv'd him not, I shou'd have been
Too happy, and the Hand of Heaven repell'd me.

Selima. What! will you, then, regret the glorious
And hazard, thus, a Vict'ry, bravely won? [Lofs,

Zara. Inhuman Victory!----thou dost not know,
This Love, so pow'rful, this sole Joy of Life,
This first, best, Hope of earthly Happiness,
Is, yet, less pow'rful, in my Heart, than Heaven!
To him, who made that Heart, I offer it;
There, there, I sacrifice my bleeding Passion:
I pour, before him, ev'ry guilty Tear;
I beg him, to efface the fond Impression,
And fill, with his own Image, all my Soul;
But, while I weep, and sigh, repent, and pray,
Remembrance brings the Object of my Love,
And ev'ry light Illusion floats before him.
I see, I hear him, and, again, he charms!
Fills my glad Soul, and shines, 'twixt me, and
Heav'n!

Oh! all ye Royal Ancestors! Oh, Father!
Mother! you Christians, and the Christians' God!
You, who deprive me of this gen'rous Lover!
If you permit me not to live for him,
Let me not live, at all, and I am blest'd:
Let me die, innocent; let his dear Hand
Close the sad Eyes of her, he stoop'd to love,
And I acquit my Fate, and ask no more.
But he forgives me not-----regardless, now
Whether, or how, I live, or, when I die,
He quits me, scorns me -----and I, yet live on,
And talk of Death, as distant.-----

Selima. Ah! despair not,
Trust your Eternal Helper, and be happy.

Zara. Why-----what has *Osman* done, that *He*,
too, shou'd not?
Has Heaven, so nobly, form'd his Heart, to *bate* it?
Gen'rous, and Just, Beneficent, and Brave,

Were he but Christian-----what can Man be, *more*?
 I wish, methinks, this reverend Priest were come;
 To free me from these Doubts, which shake my Soul:
 Yet, know not, why I shou'd not dare to hope,
 That Heaven, whose Mercy All confess, and feel,
 Will pardon, and approve, th' Alliance wish'd:
 Perhaps, it seats me on the Throne of *Syria*,
 To tax my my Pow'r, for these good Christians'
 Comfort.

Thou know'st the mighty *Saladine*, who, first,
 Conquer'd this Empire, from my Father's Race,
 Who, like my *Osman*, charm'd th' admiring World,
 Drew Birth, tho' *Syrian*, from a Christian Mother.

Selima. What mean you, Madam! Ah? you do
 not see-----

Zara. Yes, yes-----I see it all; I am not blind:
 I see, my Country, and my Race, condemn me;
 I see, that, spite of all, I still, love *Osman*.
 What! if I, now, go throw me at his Feet,
 And tell him, there, sincerely, what I am?

Selima. Consider--*That* might cost your Brother's
 Expose the Christians, and betray you All. [Life,

Zara. You do not know the noble Heart of *Osman*;

Selima. I know him the Protector of a Faith,
 Sworn Enemy to ours;-----The *more* he loves,
 The *less* will he permit you, to profess
 Opinions, which he hates: To Night, the Priest,
 In private, introduc'd, attends you, here;
 You promis'd him Admission-----

Zara. Wou'd I had not!

I promis'd, too, to keep this fatal Secret;
 My Father's urg'd Command requir'd it, twice;
 I must obey, all dangerous, as it is:
 Compell'd to Silence, *Osman* is enrag'd,
 Suspicion follows, and I lose his Love.

Enter

Enter Osman.

Osman. Madam! there was a Time, when my
charm'd Heart

Made it a Virtue, to be lost, in Love;
When, without blushing, I indulg'd my Flame;
And ev'ry Day, still, made you dearer to me.
You taught me, Madam, to believe, my Love
Rewarded, and return'd——nor was that Hope,
Methinks, too bold for Reason: Emperors,
Who chuse to sigh, devoted, at the Feet
Of Beauties, whom the World conceive their Slaves,
Have Fortune's Claim, at least, to sure Success:
But, 'twere profane to think of Pow'r, in Love.
Dear, as my Passion makes you, I decline
Possession of her Charms, whose Heart's another's;
You will not find me a weak, jealous, Lover,
By coarse Reproaches giving Pain to you,
And shaming my own Greatness——wounded deeply,
Yet shunning, and disdaining, low Complaint,
I come——to tell you——

Zara. Give my trembling Heart
A Moment's Respite——

Osman. That unwilling Coldness,
Is just the Prize of your capricious Lightness;
Your ready Arts may spare the fruitless Pains,
Of colouring Deceit with fair Pretences;
I wou'd not wish to hear your slight Excuses;
I cherish Ignorance, to save my Blushes.

Osman, in ev'ry Trial, shall remember,
That he is Emperor——Whate'er I suffer,
'Tis due to Honour, that I give up You,
And, to my injur'd Bosom, take Despair,
Rather than, shamefully, possess you, sighing,
Convinc'd, those Sighs were, never, meant for Me.---
Go, Madam—you are free——From *Osman's* Pow'r
Expect no Wrongs, but see his Face no more.

Zara. At last, 'tis come—the fear'd, the murder'ring Moment
Is come—and I am curs'd by Earth, and Heaven!

[*Throws herself on the Ground.*]

If it is true, that I am lov'd no more;—

If you—

Osman. It is too true, my *Fame* requires it;
It is too true, that I, unwilling, leave you:

That I, at once, renounce you, and adore.—

Zara!—you weep!

Zara. If I am doom'd to lose you,
If I must wander o'er an empty World,
Unloving, and unlov'd—Oh! yet, do Justice
To the Afflicted—do not wrong me, doubly:
Punish me, if 'tis needful to your Peace,
But say not, I deserv'd it—This, at least,
Believe—for, not the Greatness of your Soul
Is Truth, more pure, and sacred—no Regret
Can touch my bleeding Heart, for having lost
'The Rank, of Her, you raise to share your Throne:
I know, I never ought to have been there;
My Fate, and my Defects require, I lose you:
But ah! my Heart was, never, known to *Osman*.
May Heaven, that punishes, for ever hate me,
If I regret the Loss of aught, but *You*.

Osman. Rise—rise—This means not Love?

[*Raises her.*]

Zara. Strike—Strike me, Heaven!

Osman. What! is it Love, to force yourself to wound
The Heart, you wish to gladden?—But I find,
Lovers, least know *Themselves*, for, I believ'd,
That I had taken back the Power I gave you;
Yet, see!—you did but weep, and have resum'd me!
Proud, as I am—I must confess, one Wish
Evades my Power—the Blessing to forget you.

Zara.—Thy Tears were form'd to teach Disdain,
That Softness can disarm it.—'Tis decreed,
I must, for ever, love—but, from what Cause,

If

If thy consenting Heart partakes my Fires,
Art thou reluctant to a Blessing, meant me?
Speak! Is it Levity—or, is it Fear?
Fear of a Power, that, but for blessing *Thee*,
Had, without Joy, been painful.—Is it Artifice?
Oh! spare the needless Pains—*Art* was not made
For *Zara*;—*Art*, however innocent,
Looks like Deceiving—I abhor'd it, ever.

Zara. Alas! I have no Art, not ev'n enough,
To hide this Love, and this Distress, you give me.

Osman. Now Riddles! speak, with Plainness, to
What can'st thou mean; [my Soul;

Zara. I have no Power to speak it.

Osman. Is it some Secret, dangerous to my State?
Is it some Christian Plot, grown ripe, against me?

Zara. Lives there a Wretch, so vile, as to betray
Osman is bless'd, beyond the Reach of Fear; [you!
Fears, and Misfortunes, threaten only *Zara*.

Osman. Why threaten *Zara*?

Zara. Permit me, at your Feet,
Thus, trembling, to beseech a Favour from you.

Osman. A Favour!—Oh; you guide the Will
of *Osman*. [united,

Zara. Ah! wou'd to Heaven, our Duties were
Firm, as our Thoughts and Wishes!—But This Day,
But This one sad, unhappy Day, permit me,
Alone, and far-divided, from your Eye,
To cover my Distress, lest you, too tender,
Shou'd see, and share it with me---from To-morrow,
I will not have a Thought, conceal'd from you.

Osman. What strange Disquiet! from what stranger
Cause?

Zara. If I am, really, bless'd with *Osman's* Love,
He will not, then, refuse this humble Prayer.

Osman. If it must be, it must---Be pleas'd---my
Will

Takes Purpose, from your Wishes;---And, Consent
Depends not on my Choice, but your Decree:

Go—but remember, how He loves, who thus,
Finds a Delight in Pain, because you give it.

Zarā. It gives me more than Pain, to make you
feel it.

Osman. And——can you, *Zara*, leave me?

Zara. Alas! my Lord! [*Exit Zara.*]

Osman. [*Alone.*] It shou'd be, yet, methinks, too
soon to fly me!

Too soon, as yet, to wrong my easy Faith;
The *more* I think, the *less* I can conceive,
What hidden Cause shou'd raise such strange Despair!
Now, when her Hopes have Wings, and ev'ry Wish
Is courted to be lively!——When I love,
And Joy, and Empire, press her to their Bosom;
When, not alone belov'd, but, ev'n, a Lover:
Professing, and accepting; blest'd, and blessing;
'To see her Eyes, thro' Tears, shine mystick Love!
'Tis Madness! and I were unworthy Power,
'To suffer, longer, the capricious Insult!
Yet, was I blameless?——No——I was too rash;
I have felt Jealousy, and spoke it, to her;
I have distrusted her——and, still, she loves:
Gen'rous Atonement, That! and 'tis my Duty
To expiate, by a Length of soft Indulgence,
The Transports of a Rage, which, still, was Love.
Henceforth, I, never, will suspect her false;
Nature's plain Power of Charming dwells about her,
And Innocence gives Force to ev'ry Word:
I owe full Confidence to All, she *looks*,
For, in her Eye, shines Truth, and ev'ry Beam
Shoots Confirmation round her:—I remark'd,
Ev'n, while she wept, her Soul, a thousand times,
Sprung to her Lips, and long'd to leap to mine,
With honest, ardent, Uttrance of her Love.——
Who can possess a Heart, so low, so base,
To look such Tenderness, and, yet, have none?

Enter

Enter Melidor, with Orasmin.

Melidor. This Letter, great Disposer of the World!
Address'd to Zara, and, in private, brought,
Your faithful Guards, this Moment, intercepted,
And, humbly, offer to your Sovereign Eye.

Osman. Come nearer ; give it me.---To Zara.---
Rise !

Bring it, with Speed——Shame on your flatt'ring
Distance——

[Advancing, and snatching the Letter.]

Be honest——and approach me, like a Subject,
Who serves the Prince, yet, not forgets the Man.

Melidor. One of the Christian Slaves, whom, late,
your Bounty

Releas'd from Bondage, sought, with heedful Guile,
Unnotic'd, to deliver it,——discover'd

He waits, in Chains, his Doom, from your Decree.

Osman. Leave me---I tremble, as if something
fatal,

Were meant me, from this Letter---shou'd I read it ?

Orasmin. Who knows, but it contains some happy
Truth,

That may remove all Doubts, and calm your Heart?

Osman. Be it, as 'twill---it *shall* be read---my Hands
Have Apprehension, that outreaches mine !

Why shou'd they tremble, thus?----'Tis done---and
now,

[Opens the Letter.]

Fate be thy Call obey'd---*Orasmin*, mark——

- “ There is a secret Passage, toward the Mosque,
- “ That Way, you might escape; and, unperceiv'd,
- “ Fly your Observers, and fulfil our Hope ;
- “ Despise the Danger, and depend on me,
- “ Who wait you, but to die, if you deceive.”

Hell ! Tortures ! Death ! and Woman !——What ?

Orasmin ?

Are we awake? Heard'st thou? Can this be *Zara*?

Orafmin. Wou'd, I had lost all Sense---for, what I heard,

Has cover'd my afflicted Heart with Horror!

Osman. Thou see'st how I am treated?

Orafmin. Monstrous Treason!

To an Affront, like This, you cannot---must not---
Remain, insensible---You, who, but now,
From the most slight Suspicion, felt such Pain,
Must, in the Horror of so black a Guilt,
Find an effectual Cure, and banish Love.

Osman. Seek her this Instant---go---*Orafmin*, fly---
Shew her, this Letter---bid her read, and tremble:
'Then, in the rising Horrors of her Guilt,
Stab her unfaithful Breast---and let her die.

Say, while thou strik'st---Stay, stay---return, and
pity me:

I will think, first, a Moment---Let that Christian
Be, strait, confronted with her---Stay---I will,
I will---I know not what;---Wou'd, I were dead!
Wou'd, I had dy'd, unconscious of this Shame!

Orafmin. Never did Prince receive so bold a Wrong.

Osman. See! here, detected, this infernal Secret!
'This Fountain of her Tears, which my weak Heart
Mistook for Marks of Tendernefs and Pain!
Why! what a Reach has Woman, to deceive!
Under how fine a Veil, of Grief, and Fear,
Did she propose Retirement, 'till To-morrow!
And I, blind Dotard! gave the Fool's Consent,
Sooth'd her, and suffer'd her to go!---She parted,
Dissolv'd in Tears; and parted, to betray me!

Orafmin. Reflexion serves but to confirm her Guilt:
At length, resume Yourself; awaken Thought;
Assert your Greatnefs; and resolve, like *Osman*.

Osman. *Nereftan*, too---Was this the boasted Ho-
Of that proud Christian? whom *Jerusalem* [nour
Grew loud, in Praising! whose half-envy'd Virtue
I wonder'd at, myself! and felt Disdain,

To

To be but, equal, to a Christian's Greatness!
And does he thank me thus?——base Infidel!
Honest, pretending, pious, *praying*, Villain!
Yet, *Zara* is, a thousand times, more base,
More Hypocrite, than He!——a Slave! a Wretch!
So low, so lost, that, ev'n the vilest Labours,
In which he lay, condemn'd, could never sink him,
Beneath his Native Infamy!——Did she not know,
What I have done, what suffer'd——for Her Sake?

Oraşmin. Could you, my gracious Lord! forgive
You wou'd—— [my Zeal!

Osman. I know it——Thou art right——I'll see
her——

I'll tax her, in thy Presence;——I'll upbraid her——
I'll let her *learn*——go——find, and bring her, to me.

Oraşmin. Alas! my Lord, disorder'd as you are,
What can you wish to say?

Osman. I know not, now:——
But I resolve to see her——lest she think,
Her Falshood has, perhaps, the Power to grieve me.

Oraşmin. Believe me, Sir, your Threatnings, your
Complaints,

What will they All produce, but *Zara's* Tears,
To quench this fanſy'd Anger! your lost Heart,
Seduc'd, against itself, will search but Reasons,
To justify the Guilt, which gives it Pain:
Rather conceal, from *Zara*, this Discovery;
And let some trusty Slave convey the Letter,
Reclos'd to her own Hand——then, shall you learn,
Spite of her Frauds, Disguise, and Artifice,
The firmness, or Abasement, of her Soul.

Osman. Thy Counsel charms me! We'll about it,
'Twill be some Recompence, at least, to see [now:
Her Blushes, when detected.——

Oraşmin. Oh! my Lord,
I doubt you, in the Trial——for, your Heart——

Osman. Distrust me not——my Love, indeed, is
weak,

But, Honour, and Disdain, more strong than *Zara* :
 Here, take this fatal Letter——chuse a Slave,
 Whom, yet, she never saw, and who retains
 His try'd Fidelity——Dispatch——be gone——

[*Exit Orafmin.*]

Now, whither shall I turn my Eyes, and Steps,
 The surest Way, to shun her ; and give Time
 For this discovering Trial ?——Heav'n ! she's here !

Enter Zara.

So, Madam ! Fortune will befriend my Cause,
 And free me from your Fetters :——You are met,
 Most aptly, to dispel a new-ris'n Doubt,
 That claims the finest of your Arts, to gloss it.
 Unhappy, each, by other, it is Time,
 To end our mutual Pain, that Both may rest :
 You want not Generosity, but Love :
 My Pride forgotten, my obtruded Throne,
 My Favours, Cares, Respect, and Tenderneſs,
 Touching your Gratitude, provok'd Regard ;
 Till, by a Length of Benefits, besieg'd,
 Your Heart submitted, and you thought, 'twas Love ;
 But, you deceiv'd Yourself, and injur'd me.
 There is, I'm told, an Object, more deserving
 Your Love, than *Osman*——I wou'd know his Name ?
 Be just, nor trifle with my Anger : Tell me,
 Now, while expiring Pity struggles faint ;
 While I have yet, perhaps, the Pow'r to pardon :
 Give up the bold Invader of my Claim,
 And let him die, to save thee.—Thou art known ;
 Think, and resolve—While I yet speak, renounce
 him ;

While yet the Thunder rolls, suspended, stop it ;
 Let thy Voice charm me, and recall my Soul,
 That turns, averſe, and dwells no more on *Zara*.

Zara. Can it be *Osman*, speaks ? and speaks to
Zara ?

Learn, cruel ! learn, that this afflicted Heart,

This

This Heart, which Heaven delights to prove, by
Tortures,

Did it not love, has Pride, and Pow'r, to shun you:

Alas! you will not know me! What have I

To fear, but that unhappy Love, you question?

That Love, which, only, cou'd outweigh the Shame,

I feel, while I descend, to weep my Wrongs.

I know not, whether Heaven, that frowns upon me,

Has destin'd my unhappy Days, for Yours;

But, be my Fate, or bless'd, or curs'd, I swear,

By Honour, dearer ev'n than Life, or Love,

Cou'd *Zara* be but Mistress of Herself,

She wou'd, with cold Regard, look down on Kings,

And, You alone excepted, fly 'em all:

Wou'd you learn more, and open all my Heart?

Know then, that, spite of this renew'd Injustice,

I do not——cannot——wish to love you less:

That, long before you look'd so low, as *Zara*,

She gave her Heart to *Osman*——Yours, before

Your Benefits had bought her, or your Eye

Had thrown Distinction round her; never had,

Nor ever will acknowledge, other Lover.——

And, to this sacred Truth, attesting Heaven!

I call thy dreadful Notice! If my Heart

Deserves Reproach, 'tis *for*, but not *from*, *Osman*.

Osman. What! does she, yet, presume to swear
Sincerity!

Oh! Boldness of unblushing Perjury!

Had I not seen, had I not read, such Proof,

Of her light Falshood, as extinguish'd Doubt,

I cou'd not be a Man, and not believe her.

Zara. Alas! my Lord, what cruel Fears have
seiz'd you?

What harsh, mysterious Words were those, I heard?

Osman. What Fears shou'd *Osman* feel, since *Zara*
loves him?

Zara. I cannot live, and answer to your Voice,
In that reproachful Tone!——Your angry Eye

Trembles

Trembles with Fury, while you talk of Love;

Osman. Since *Zara* LOVES him!

Zara. Is it possible,

Osman should disbelieve it?——Again, again

Your late-repent'd Violence returns;

Alas! what killing Frowns you dart against me!

Can it be kind? Can it be just, to doubt me?

Osman. No—I can doubt no longer—You may retire. [Exit *Zara*.

Re-enter Orasmin.

Orasmin! she's perfidious, ev'n beyond
Her Sex's undiscover'd Power of Seeming;
She's at the topmost Point of shameless Artifice;
An Empress, at Deceiving!——Soft, and easy
Destroying like a Plague, in calm Tranquility:
She's innocent, she swears——So is the Fire;
It *shines*, in harmless Distance, bright, and pleasing,
Consuming nothing, till it, first, embraces.——
Say? Hast thou chos'n a Slave?——Is he instructed?
Haste, to detect her Vileness, and my Wrongs.

Orasmin. Punctual, I have obey'd your whole Command;

But, have you arm'd, my Lord, your injur'd Heart,
With Coldness, and Indiff'rence? Can you hear,
All, painless and unmov'd, the False One's Shame?

Osman. *Orasmin!* I adore her, more than ever!

Orasmin. My Lord! my Emperor! forbid it, Heaven!

Osman. I have discern'd a Gleam of distant Hope;

This hateful Christian, the light Growth of *France*,
Proud, young, vain, amorous, conceited, rash,
Has misconceiv'd some charitable Glance,
And judg'd it Love, in *Zara*:——He, alone,
Then, has offended me.—Is it her Fault,
If those, she charms, are indiscreet and daring?
Zara, perhaps, expected not this Letter;

And

And I, with Rashness, groundless, as its Writer's,
Took Fire, at my own Fancy, and have wrong'd her.
Now, hear me, with Attention——Soon as Night
Has thrown her welcome Shadows, o'er the Palace;
When this *Nerestan*, this ungrateful Christian,
Shall lurk, in Expectation, near our Walls,
Be watchful, that our Guards surprize, and seize him;
Then, bound in Fetters, and o'erwhelm'd with Shame,
Conduct the daring Traitor, to my Presence;
But, above all, be sure, you hurt not *Zara*:
Mindful to what supreme Excess, I love.
I feel, I must confess, a kind of Shame,
And blush, at my own Tendernefs;—but, Faith,
Howe'er it seems deceiv'd, were weak, as I am,
Cou'd it admit Distrust, to blot its Face,
And give Appearance Way, till Proof takes Place.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Zara, Selima.

Zara. SOOTH me, no longer, with this vain De-
fire;
To a Recluse, like *me*, who dares, henceforth,
Presume Admission!—The Seraglio's shut—
Barr'd, and unpassable—as *Death*, to *Time*!
My Brother ne'er must hope to see me, more:—
How now! what unknown Slave accosts us, here!

Enter Melidor.

Melidor. This Letter, trusted to my Hands, re-
ceive,

In

In secret Witness, I am, wholly, yours.

[Zara reads the Letter.

Selima. [*Aside.*] Thou, everlasting Ruler of the World!

Shed thy wish'd Mercy on our hopeless Tears;
Redeem us from the Hands of hated Infidels,
And save my Princess from the Breast of *Osman*.

Zara. I wish, my Friend, the Comfort of your Counsel.

Selima. Retire—you shall be call'd—wait near—
Go, leave us: [Exit Melidor.

Zara. Read this—and tell me, what I ought to answer?

For I wou'd, gladly, hear my Brother's Voice.

Selima. Say rather, you wou'd hear the Voice of Heav'n.

'Tis not your Brother, calls you, but your God.

Zara. I know it, nor resist his awful Will;
Thou know'st, that I have bound my Soul, by Oath;
But, can I—ought I—to engage myself,
My Brother, and the Christians in this Danger?

Selima. 'Tis not their Danger, that alarms your Fear;

Your Love speaks loudest, to your shrinking Soul;
I know your Heart, of Strength, to hazard All,
But, it has let in Traitors, who surrender,
On poor Pretence of Safety :---Learn, at least,
To understand, the Weakness, that deceives you:
You tremble, to offend your haughty Lover,
Whom Wrongs, and Outrage, but endear the more;
Yes—you are blind to *Osman*'s cruel Nature,
That *Tartar*'s Fierceness, that obscures his Bounties:
This Tyger, savage, in his Tenderness,
Courts, with Contempt, and threatens, amidst Soft-
ness;

Yet, cannot your neglected Heart efface
His fated, fix'd, Impression!

Zara. What Reproach

Can

Can I, with Justice, make him?—I, indeed,
Have given Him Cause to hate me!—
Was not his Throne, was not his Temple, ready?
Did not he court his Slave, to be a Queen?
And have not I declin'd it?—I, who ought
To tremble, conscious of affronted Power!
Have not I triumph'd o'er his Pride, and Love?
Seen him submit his own high Will, to mine?
And sacrifice his Wishes, to my Weakness?

Selima. Talk we, no more, of this unhappy Pass-
What Resolution will your Virtue take? [sion:

Zara. All Things combine, to sink me to Despair;
From the Seraglio, Death, alone, will free me.
I long to see the Christians' happy Climes;
Yet, in the Moment, while I form that Prayer,
I sigh a secret Wish, to languish, here:
How sad a State is mine! my restless Soul
All ign'rant, what to do, or what to wish?
My only Perfect Sense is, That of Pain.
O, Guardian Heav'n! protect my Brother's Life:
For I will meet him, and fulfil his Prayer.
Then, when, from *Solyma's* unfriendly Walls,
His Absence shall unbind his Sister's Tongue,
Osman shall learn the Secret of my Birth,
My Faith unshaken, and my deathless Love;
He will approve my Choice, and pity me.
I'll send my Brother Word, he may expect me;
Call in the faithful Slave—God of my Fathers!

[Exit Selima.

Let thy Hand save me, and thy Will direct.

Enter Selima, and Melidor.

Go—tell the Christian, who intrusted thee,
That *Zara's* Heart is fix'd, nor shrinks at Danger;
And, that my faithful Friend will, at the Hour,
Expect, and introduce him, to his Wish.
Away—the Sultan comes; he must not find us.

[Exeunt Zara and Selima.

Enter

Enter Osman, and Orasmin.

Osman. Swifter, ye Hours, move on; my Fury
glows
Impatient, and wou'd push the Wheels of Time :—
How now ! What Message dost thou bring ? Speak
boldly——

What Answer gave she, to the Letter, sent her ?

Melidor. She blush'd, and trembled, and grew
pale, and paus'd ;

Then blush'd, and read it ; and, again, grew pale ;
And wept, and smil'd, and doubted, and resolv'd :
For, after all this Race of vary'd Passions,
When she had sent me out, and call'd me back,
Tell him (she cry'd) who has intrusted thee,
That *Zara's* Heart is fix'd, nor shrinks at Danger ;
And, that my faithful Friend will, at the Hour,
Expect, and introduce him, to his Wish.

Osman. Enough—be gone—I have no Ear for
more.——

[*To the Slave.*

Leave me, Thou too, *Orasmin.*—Leave me Life,

[*To Orasmin.*

For, ev'ry Mortal Aspect moves my Hate :
Leave me, to my Distraction—I grow mad,
And cannot bear the Visage of a Friend.
Leave me, to Rage, Despair, and Shame, and
Wrongs ;

Leave me, to seek Myself—and shun Mankind.

[*Alone.*]

Who am I?—Heav'n ! Who am I ? What resolve I ?
Zara ! Nerestan ! Sounds those Words, like Names
Decreed to join !—Why pause I ?—Perish *Zara*——
Wou'd, I cou'd tear her Image from my Heart :—
'Twere happier, not to live, at all, than live
Her Scorn, the Sport of an ungrateful False One !
And sink the Sovereign, in a Woman's Property.

Re-enter

Re-enter Orasmin.

Orasmin!——Friend! return——I cannot bear
This Absence, from thy Reason: 'Twas unkind,
'Twas cruel, to obey me, thus distress'd,
And wanting Pow'r to *think*, when I had lost thee.
How goes the Hour? Has he appear'd? This Rival!
Perish the shameful Sound—This Villain Christian!
Has he appear'd, below?

Orasmin. Silent, and dark,
Th' unbreathing World is hush'd, as if it heard,
And listen'd to, your Sorrows.

Osman. O, treach'rous Night!
Thou lend'st thy ready Veil, to ev'ry Treason,
And teeming Mischiefs thrive, beneath thy Shade.
Orasmin! Prophet! Reason! Truth! and Love!
After such Length of Benefits to wrong me!
How have I over-rated, how mistaken,
The Merit of her Beauty!—Did I not
Forget I was a Monarch? Did I remember,
That *Zara* was a Slave? — I gave up All;
Gave up Tranquility, Distinction, Pride,
And fell, the shameful Victim of my Love!

Orasmin. Sir! Sovereign! Sultan! my Imperial
Master!

Reflect on your own Greatness, and disdain
The distant Provocation.——

Osman. Heard'st thou nothing?

Orasmin. My Lord?

Osman. A Noise, like Dying Groans?

Orasmin. I listen, but can hear nothing.

Osman. Again!——look out——he comes——.

Orasmin. Nor Tread of Mortal Foot—nor Voice,
I hear:

The still Seraglio lies, profoundly plung'd,
In Deathlike Silence! nothing stirs.——The Air
Is soft, as Infants' Sleep, no breathing Wind
Steals, thro' the Shadows, to awaken Night.

Osman.

Osman. Horrors, a thousand times more dark,
than these,

Benight my suff'ring Soul——Thou dost not know,
To what Excess of Tendernefs, I lov'd her.

I knew no Happinefs, but what she gave me,
Nor cou'd have felt a Mis'ry, but for her!

Pity this Weaknefs——mine are Tears, *Orafmin!*
That fall not oft, nor lightly :——

Orafmin. Tears!——Oh, Heaven!

Osman. The first, which, ever, yet, unmann'd
my Eyes!

O! pity *Zara*——pity *Me*——*Orafmin*,
These but forerun the Tears of destin'd Blood.

Orafmin. Oh, my unhappy Lord!——I tremble
for you——

Osman. Do——tremble at my Suff'rings, at my
Love;

At my Revenge, too, tremble——for, 'tis due,
And will not be deluded.

Orafmin. Hark! I hear

The Steps of Men, along the neighb'ring Wall!——

Osman. Fly——seize him——'tis *Nereftan!* wait no
Chains,

But, drag him down, to my impatient Eye.

[*Exit Orafmin.*]

Enter Zara, and Selima, in the Dark.

Zara. Where art thou, *Selima?* Give me thy Hand;
It is so dark, I tremble, as I step,

With Fears, and Startings, never felt, 'till now!

Osman. Damnation! 'tis Her Voice! the well
known Sound,

That has, so often, charm'd me into Basenefs!

Oh! the perfidious Hypocrite!——she goes,
To meet th' inviting Infidel!——now, now,

[*Drawing a Dagger.*]

Revenge, stand firm, and intercept his Wishes:——

Revenge! on whom?——no matter——Earth, and Hea-
ven,

Wou'd

Wou'd blush, shou'd I forbear:—Now—Zara, now;

[Drops the Dagger.

I must not——cannot strike, the starting Steel,
Unwilling, flies my Hand, and shuns to wound her.

Zara. This is the private Path—come nearer, lead
me——

Are we not notic'd, think'st thou?

Selima. Fear not, Madam;

It cannot, now, be long, ere we shall meet him.

Osman. That Word has giv'n me, back, my eb-
bing Rage; [Recovers the Dagger.

Zara. I walk in Terror, and my Heart forebodes:
Who's there?—Nerestan! Is it you!—Oh! Wel-
come——

Osman. [Stabbing her.] This to thy Heart—'Tis
not the Traitor, meets thee,

'Tis the Betray'd——who writes it, in thy Blood.

Zara. O, gracious Heaven! receive my parting
Soul. [Dies.

Osman. Soul?—then Revenge has reach'd thee—
I will, now,

Haste, from this fatal Place——I cannot leave her!

Whom did I strike? Was this the Act of Love?

Swallow me, Earth!—She's silent—Zara's dead!

And should I live, to see returning Day,

'Twill shew me but her Blood!—shew me, left joy-
less,

In a wide, empty World, with nothing round me,
But Penitence, and Pain—and, yet, 'twas just:—

Hark!—Destiny has sent her Lover to me,

To fill my Vengeance; and restore my joy.

Enter Orasmin, with Nerestan.

Approach thou Wretch! thou more than curs'd!
come near——

Thou! who, in Gratitude, for Freedom gain'd,

hast given Me Miseries, beyond thy own!

Thou Heart of Heroe, with a Traitor's Soul!

Go

Go——reap thy due Reward, prepare to suffer,
 Whate'r inventive Malice can inflict,
 To make Thee *feel* thy Death, and perish, flow.
 Are my Commands obey'd?

Oraſmin. All is prepar'd :

Osman. Thy wanton Eyes look round, in Search
 of Her,

Whoſe Love, deſcending to a Slave, like Thee,
 From my diſhonour'd Hand, receiv'd her Doom ?
 See ! where ſhe lies——

Nereſtan. O, fatal, raſh, Miſtake !

Osman. Doſt thou behold her, Slave ?

Nereſtan. Unhappy Siſter !

Osman. Siſter !——Did'ſt thou ſay Siſter ? if
 thou did'ſt,

Bleſs me, with Deafneſs, Heaven !

Nereſtan. Tyrant ! I did——

She *was* my Siſter——All, that, now, is left thee,
 Diſpatch——From my diſtracted Heart, drain, next,
 The Remnant of the Royal, Chriſtian, Blood :
 Old *Lufignan*, expiring, in my Arms,
 Sent his too wretched Son, with his laſt Bleſſing,
 To his, now, murder'd Daughter !——

Wou'd I had ſeen the bleeding Innocent !
 I wou'd have liv'd, to ſpeak to her, in Death ;
 Wou'd have awaken'd, in her languid Heart,
 A livelier Senſe of her abandon'd God :
 That God, who, left by Her, forſook Her, too,
 And gave the poor, loſt, Suff'rer, to thy Rage.

Osman. Thy Siſter ?——*Lufignan*, her Father——
Selima !

Can this be true ;—and have I wrong'd thee, *Zara* ?

Selima. Thy Love was all the Cloud, 'twixt her
 and Heav'n !

Osman. Be dumb——for thou art baſe, to add
 Diſtraction,

To my, already, more, than bleeding Heart :
 And was thy Love ſincere ?——What, then, remains

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Nerestan. Why shou'd a Tyrant hesitate, on Murder!

There, now, remains, but mine, of all the Blood,
Which, through thy Father's cruel Reign, and Thine,
Has, never, ceas'd to stream, on Syria's Sands;
Restore a Wretch to his unhappy Race;
Nor hope, that Torments, after such a Scene,
Can force one feeble Groan, to feast thy Anger.
I waste my fruitless Words, in empty Air;
The Tyrant, o'er the bleeding Wound, he made,
Hangs his unmoving Eye, and heeds not me.

Osman. O, Zara!—

Orasmin. Alas! my Lord, return—whither wou'd Grief

Transport your gen'rous Heart?—This Christian Dog—

Osman. Take off his Fetters, and observe my Will:
To Him, and all his Friends, give instant Liberty:
Pour a Profusion, of the richest Gifts,
On these unhappy Christians; and, when heap'd,
With vary'd Benefits, and charg'd, with Riches,
Give 'em safe Conduct, to the nearest Port.

Orasmin. But, Sir!—

Osman. Reply not, but obey.—

fly—nor dispute thy Master's last Command,
Thy Prince, who orders—and thy Friend, who loves thee!

Father—Go—lose no Time—farewell—be gone—and thou!
Unhappy Warrior!—yet, less lost, than I!—

Zara. Haste, from our bloody Land—and, to thy own,
Convey this poor, pale, Object of my Rage:

thy King, and all his Christians, when they hear
thy Miseries, shall mourn 'em, with their Tears;
but, if thou tell'st 'em mine, and tell'st 'em, truly,
they, who shall hate my Crime, shall pity Me.

Take, too, this Poinard, with thee, which my Hand
has stain'd with Blood, far dearer, than my own;
Tell 'em—with This, I murder'd, Her, I lov'd;

The

The noblest, and most virtuous, among Women!
 The Soul of Innocence, and Pride of Truth!
 Tell 'em, I laid my Empire at her Feet;
 Tell em, I plung'd my Dagger in her Blood;
 Tell 'em, I so ador'd—and, thus reveng'd her.

[*Stabs himself*]

Rev'rence this Heroe—and conduct him, safe.

[*Dies*]

Nerestan. Direct me, Great Inspirer of the Soul
 How shou'd I act, how judge, in this Distress?
 Amazing Grandeur! and detested Rage!
 Ev'n I, amidst my Tears, admire this Foe,
 And mourn his Death, who liv'd to give me Woe.

End of the Fifth Act.



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E P I L O G U E,

Spoke by Mrs. CLIVE.

HERE, take a Surfeit, Sirs, of being Jealous;
*And shun the Pains, that plague those Turkish
Fellows:*

*Where LOVE and DEATH join Hands, their Darts con-
founding,*

*Save us, good Heav'n! from this new Way of
WOUNDING!*

*Curs'd Climate!---where, to CARDS, a lone-left Wo-
man*

Has only, One of her Black-Guards, to summon!

ighs, and sits mop'd, with her tame Beast to gaze at:

And, that cold Treat, is all the Game she plays at!

For---shou'd she once, some Abler Hand be trying,

*Poignard's the Word!---and, the first Deal is---DY-
ING!*

*'Slife! shou'd the bloody Whim get Ground, in
Britain,*

Where Woman's FREEDOM has such Heights, to sit on;

Daggers, PROVOK'D, wou'd bring on DESOLATION:

And, murder'd Belles un-people half the Nation!---

Fain

E P I L O G U E.

*Fain wou'd I help this Play, to move Compassion;
And live, to hunt SUSPICION out of Fashion.——
FOUR Motives, strongly recommend, to Lovers,
Hate of this Weakness, that our Scene discovers :*

*First then---A Woman WILL, or WON'T----depend
on't :*

*If she will do't, she WILL :---and, there's an End on't.
But, if she won't,---since safe and sound your Trust is,
Fear is AFFRONT : and Jealousy INJUSTICE.*

*Next,---He who bids his Dear do, what she pleases,
Blunts Wedlock's Edge ; and, all its Torture eases :
For---not to feel your Suff'rings, is the same,
As not to suffer :---All the Diff'rence---Name.*

*Thirdly---The Jealous Husband wrongs his Honour
No Wife goes Lame, without some Hurt upon Her :
And, the malicious World will still be guessing,
Who, oft, Dines out, dislikes her own Cook's Dressing.*

*Fourthly, and lastly,---to conclude my Lecture,
If you wou'd FIX th' inconstant Wife---RESPECT her.
She who perceives her Vertues OVER-RATED,
Will fear to have th' Account more justly stated :
And, borrow'ing, from her Pride, the Good Wives*

SEEMING,

Grow REALLY SUCH---to Merit your Esteeming.



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